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### REVIEW OF NEW BOOKS.

*Rambles in the Footsteps of Don Quixote.* By the late H. D. Inglis; with Illustrations by George Cruikshank. Pp. 203. London, 1837. Whittaker.

This is a charming volume, though replete with bitter fancies, even more than sweet. Our regrets for the loss of the amiable and gifted writer are increased by reading so fine a proof of his taste and talent; and, while we dwell with pleasure on passages not unworthy of *Le Sage*, or of *Cervantes* himself, sorrow mingles with our admiration, and we exclaim, "Poor Inglis!" He was cut off from us at the early age of forty years.

This work is published by his widow, and, we believe, at her own risk—a powerful recommendation to universal favour. But it stands in no need of private or benevolent feeling to aid its popularity; it is, in itself, one of the most graceful and agreeable books that we have seen for many a day.

From Toledo, the author sets out to visit the scenes of the immortal romance; and, having determined Miguel Estevan to have been the actual birth-place of the knight of *La Mancha*, he has there the good fortune to prevail on a barber (worthy to be, if he was not, the descendant of *Nicholas*) to accompany him on his tour; and they journey together to the Windmills, the Inn mistaken for a castle, the Brown Mountains, and other localities, either really those of *Cervantes*, or such as might well be received in their stead. The whole narrative is, we repeat it, charming; and many incidental remarks on the work of *Cervantes* are very interesting. We select, however, a few pages involving, also, more personal concern.

"Our provisions were not very tempting; the barber had been the purveyor, and had suited his own taste rather than mine. They consisted of several thick pancakes, interlarded with slices of bacon; and of cheese, bread, and wine. These are the provisions usually carried by every muleteer in Spain, with the addition sometimes of salted fish; but the pancake being well seasoned with garlic, and the cheese made of sheep's milk, neither of them was very enticing. As for the wine of *La Mancha*, in which *Sancho Panza* found a solace for many of his hardships, its goodness depends altogether upon the skin in which it is carried; for, unless the skin be old and well-seasoned, the best *val de penas* acquires an unpleasant flavour. But it is impossible that the wine of *La Mancha* should be carried otherwise than in skins; the roads are only fitted for mules, and skins can be more easily and more safely carried across mules than casks; but, indeed, casks are out of the question in a country in which there is scarcely any wood. It is no contemptible art, that of drinking out of a wine-skin without spilling the wine and drenching the bosom; the wine-skin is held horizontally, one hand supporting its rotundity, and, by the pressure of the fingers, the wine is thrown forward to the neck, or narrow part of the skin. When, in the translations of *Don Quixote*, we meet with the word bottle, we must, of course, substitute skin, otherwise the sentence will sometimes be unintelligible; as,

for example, when, after the adventure with the windmills, we find *Sancho* visiting his bottle, and discovering that it was much more lank than it was the night before. The sun was now blazing right overhead, so that it was out of the question to think of journeying for some hours; and, as for a *siesta*, that would scarcely have been prudent where the shade was so scanty. Willing, therefore, to pass the time in some other way, 'Mr. Barber,' said I, 'I feel well convinced that you have not been all your life a barber in Miguel Esteban; we have now two good hours to spare; the shade of this olive-tree is too scanty to allow a *siesta*, and how, then, can we spend our time better than you in telling, and I in listening to your story?' 'In truth,' replied the barber, 'you have guessed well in thinking I have not been all my life a barber in Miguel Esteban. I have been many trades; and since, as you truly say, there is no shade for a *siesta*, and as our wine-skin would be dried up by the rays of the mid-day sun before we could get to *Lapiche*, you shall hear my story, such as it is;' and the barber accordingly began as related in the next chapter. 'I was born in the town of *Manzanarés*, in *La Mancha*. My father was porter to the Dominican convent there, and my mother was laundress in the house of the *Duque de San Carlos*, who owned them, and for any thing that I know to the contrary, owns to this day, all the town of *Manzanarés* and the neighbouring vineyards. As for me, I led the merriest of lives till I was fourteen years of age; I was idolised both by my father and mother, and spent my time about equally in the kitchen of the duke and the Dominicans. In the one, I tasted the most savoury stews, and in the other, the most delicious fruit in the world; and nothing was further from my thoughts than to leave so agreeable a mode of life, when one day my father called me to him and said, 'Lazaro, it is time that thou shouldst think of bettering thy fortune, and I have found thee a road to it.' For my part, I felt no great inclination towards bettering my condition, which appeared to me the most agreeable in the world; and my mother was also of the same opinion: but the picture drawn by my father of my future prospects was so flattering, that even I was anxious to commence my new mode of life. The opening was this: a certain stranger, who lately died in the house of the curate of the parish church of *San Salvador*, in *Manzanarés*, had left to the church money for eight thousand masses to get his soul out of purgatory; and the curate, willing to receive the legacy, without the condition of saying a mass every day for twenty-two years, resolved to apply to the Archbishop of Toledo, as the head of the church, for permission to say eight, in place of eight thousand masses,—a restriction which would not affect the condition of the stranger's soul, since the archbishop might declare, by his supreme authority, that eight masses should be as effectual as eight thousand, in praying it out of purgatory. The curate applied to the Dominicans to find a trusty messenger; they selected my father, and he delegated the mission to me. 'This other letter,' said my father, at the same time, also, putting into my hand the

letter to the archbishop, 'is for the *Padre Cirillo*, curate of the church of *San Pasqual*, at Toledo; it recommends thee to his protection; and there is, therefore, little doubt but that he will take thee into his service; and who knows but that thou mayest, by and by, be transferred to the service of the archbishop, whose stews are, no doubt, as far superior to those of the *Duque de San Carlos* as the melon you are eating is to a turnip.' My teeth already began to water for the archbishop's stews; and I set out the same day with an honest muleteer, who was charged with wine for some of the canons. We did not lag by the way; on the second evening we entered the city of Toledo, which appeared to me little less than a congregation of palaces; and, scarcely even allowing myself time to dispatch a part of the puchero which the muleteer generously divided with me, I inquired the nearest way to the house of the curate *Cirillo*, so anxious was I to realise the promises of my father. 'Thou shalt enter into my service,' said the curate, when he had read the letter; and, when I heard this piece of good fortune, I already fancied myself transferred to the service of the archbishop, and even scented the savour of his kitchen. My duties in the service of the *Padre Cirillo* were simple; they consisted in sweeping the church, and cleaning the ornaments used at mass; all the rest of my time was at my own disposal. If my treatment had been agreeable as my duties, I should have had no reason to complain: but the reverend curate, who fed upon dainties every day, shared them only with his housekeeper; and, far from finding myself any nearer the archbishop's stews, I was only permitted to smell those of the curate. My allowance was a small loaf of bread and a string of onions every four days, with a scanty puchero on Sunday; and, while I was half-starved, the curate would say, 'Lazaro, you young rogue, *mejor vida tienes que el papa*, thou livest better than the pope.' But hunger sharpens the wits; I set my ingenuity to work, and speedily discovered a method of bettering my condition. All my master's provisions were kept in a closet, and the door of this closet hunger devised a means of opening; but I resolved that the theft should lie at another door than mine; and every night I made a tolerable meal in my master's storehouse, by nibbling round his bread, and cheese, and bacon, so that the rats and the mice got all the blame, and I secured a double portion; for the curate never failed, after roundly abusing the secret thieves, to pare off all the nibbled parts, and hand them to me, saying, 'Eat, Lazaro, you rogue, *que el raton cosa limpia es*, rats are clean things.' One day, about this time, after I had been employed in cleaning the ornaments on the major altar in the church, I stole on tiptoe into the sacristy: God forgive me for my intention! a slice of salted cod at breakfast had made me thirsty, and the sacramental cup I knew was brimful. I had scarcely entered the sacristy, when I heard the footstep of the curate pass through the church; and I had only time to hide myself under the petticoats of the *Virgen* of *St. Pilar*, when my master entered the sacristy, accompanied by a stranger dressed as a pilgrim, who,

after the door had been shut, produced from below his habit, a small wooden box, which he opened, and put into my master's hand. 'You perceive,' said the stranger, 'that it is as withered as the ear of an antiluvian ass; it would deceive the very devil.' 'Hush,' said the cura, 'recollect where you are; at the same time glancing towards the Virgin of St. Pilar, whose petticoats slightly moved, and crossing himself; it is not necessary that it deceive the devil, if it but deceive the superior of the Carthusian convent.' 'How much am I to get for it?' said the pretended pilgrim. 'That must depend,' said the cura, 'upon the value put upon it by the superior of the Carthusians; put up the ass's ear, and we will go together to the convent: surely an ear of the ass that made the triumphal entry into Jerusalem must be worth half the convent treasury;' and as my worthy master so delivered himself, he turned towards the Virgin, as was his usual custom on leaving the sacristy, made his genuflection, and crossed himself. Whether it might be the ludicrous contrast between the sanctified face with which my master, from habit, paid his respects to the Virgin, and the smile and roguish wink with which he had received the box from the pilgrim, that roused my risible faculties, I am not able to tell, but I burst into an immoderate fit of laughter. At first my master trembled from head to foot, and crossed himself as fast as ever thumb could move; but common sense soon came in place of superstition; for, if the Virgin of St. Pilar had thought fit to shew her displeasure by laughing, the laughter would certainly not have proceeded from under her petticoats. In short, the cura discovered all; and, dragging me from my hiding-place, and telling me to remain in the sacristy till he returned, he went out and locked the door. I expected nothing less, when he returned, than an unmerciful beating; and was, therefore, agreeably surprised when, again entering the sacristy, he addressed me thus: 'I perceive, Lazaro, that thou art an ingenious as well as a gluttonous youngster; for thou not only makest the rats and mice hide thy delinquencies, but even the petticoats of the Virgin of St. Pilar cover both thee and them. Thou hast heard what passed betwixt me and the pilgrim?' 'I heard all,' said I, 'and saw —' 'No matter what thou savest,' interrupted he, 'I may have occasion for thy services; be discreet and secret: henceforth thou shalt dine at my table every day; and, so saying, he walked out of the sacristy. This was the most agreeable change in the world; the cura's stews, though scarcely equal to those of the Duque de San Carlos, were delicious to one who had been obliged to nibble for six months like a mouse. My master loaded me with kindness; and one day, when we were in the sacristy together, he made me his confidant. 'The monks of the Carthusian convent,' said he, 'are making a collection of relics; the superior *tiene mas dinero que ingenio*, has more money than brains; and we, who are wiser and poorer, diminish his treasury, and stock his relicary. Harkee, Lazaro,' continued he, 'the fool is not yet satisfied. Thou art not wanting in wit; my invention is nigh exhausted: the ass's ear was a last effort, and proved a hit; but if thou canst think of any thing new, half the profits shall descend into thy empty pockets.' This was encouragement, and I set my brains to work forthwith. One day passing through one of the streets on the outskirts of the city, I saw a cock standing upon the wall of the Franciscan convent garden, and I said to myself, '*Que alegria!*' for a

happy thought struck me. When it was dark, I stole from my master's house, and, making my way to the garden of the Franciscan convent, I surprised a cock in the hen-roost; and next day, finding myself alone with my master, I produced a cock's tongue, and said, 'What will hinder you from placing this in the relicary of the Carthusian convent, as the tongue of the cock that crew to St. Peter?' 'Tis too fresh and too red,' said the cura. 'Put it in the stewpan,' said I, 'it will frizzle as dry as if it had not crowed for a century.' 'Thou'rt a marvel,' cried the cura, 'let me embrace thee; and so —' But, just as the barber had proceeded thus far with his story, chancing to glance towards the place where we had left our mules, they were nowhere to be seen. 'We must go in search of them,' said the barber; 'and, besides, the sun gets lower, and, unless we jog on, we shall scarcely reach Lapiche before dark. My story is a long one, and if you have found any amusement in it, we'll resume it another time; and so, tying up our wallets, and taking another draught from the wine-skin, we rose and went in search of our mules. They had strayed a long way; but at last we discovered them taking their *siesta* under the partial shade of a sand-bank; and, mounting our beasts, we continued our journey.'

Another brief extract will illustrate the character of the critical remarks.

'As we entered Puerto Lapiche, I noticed that all the women of the lower orders wore the skirts of their petticoats thrown over their heads. This is the universal custom in La Mancha, the mantilla being used only by the upper classes; and it explains a passage in '*Don Quixote*,' which would otherwise be obscure. Sancho, when upon one occasion he returns home, endeavours to persuade his wife, Theresa, to accept with a good grace the honours in store for her, when he shall have obtained the government of the island. He tells her how great a lady she will then be; and that she must make up her mind for the transformation. But Theresa replies, 'Neither will I put it in the power of those who see me dressed like a countess or governor's lady, to say, Mind Mrs. Pork-feeder, how proud she looks! it was but yesterday she toiled hard at the distaff; and went to mass with the tail of her gown above her head, instead of a veil.' It is worthy of remark, that nowhere in '*Don Quixote*' is there a word spoken in praise of the beauty of the women of La Mancha; 'hale,' or 'buxom wench,' are the highest expressions that the veracity of Cervantes permitted him to use, for to have spoken of them in other terms would have been a departure from truth. 'The flower of Castilian maids,' sounds well in poetry; but a Castilian maid, or a maid of La Mancha, which is the same thing, is a coarse, brown, ill-favoured personage, who in any other country would retain her maiden distinction during life.'

We have only to add, that the illustrations are quite worthy of the volume and of George Cruikshank; and that the episodes introduced, with personal history and adventures of remarkable individuals, add great zest to the more particularly Quixotic portions of the design.

*The Comic Almanack for 1838, with twelve Illustrations of the Months by George Cruikshank. London, 1837. Tilt.*

THIS is, as usual, a merry affair; a little in the low line, occasionally, but without a vul-

garity to offend ears the most polite. The "*Illustrations of the Months*" possess much drollery, and will bear examination for a number of quaint and appropriate jokes and accessories. Nor are the tiny cuts and silhouette additions less humorous or characteristic. Altogether, an hour may be well amused with this annual. As a specimen of the literary and poetical talent it displays, we will quote a song and a half. The first is laid to the score of New Year's Eve, entitled "*My Dancing Days are over*," and runs thus:—

"My dancing days are over now,  
My legs are just like stumps;  
My foot of youth, dried up, alas!  
Won't answer to the pum-pa.  
Yet who so fond of jigs as I?  
Of hornpipes such a lover?  
Of gallopes, valse,—but, alas!  
My dancing days are over,  
In feats of feet, what foot like mine  
(Excuse me if vain glorious);  
Like mine, for grace and dignity,  
No toe was more notorious.  
Oh! then what joy it was to hear  
*Roy's Wife*, or *Kitty Clover*!  
But *Drops of Brandy* now won't do:  
My dancing days are over,  
My feet seem fastened down with screws,  
That were so glib before;  
And my ten light fantastic toes  
Seem toe-nail'd to the floor.  
I cannot bear a ball-room now,  
Where once I lived in clover;  
Tersichore quite makes me sick!  
My dancing days are over,  
I used to dance the New Year in,  
And dance the Old Year out;  
Ah! little did I then reflect  
That *chacun à son gout*,  
All summer thro' I skipped and hopped,  
At Margate, Ramsgate, Dover.  
The year was then one spring—but now  
My dancing days are over,  
I'm eighteen stone and some odd pounds,  
So all my neighbours say,  
I'll go this moment to the scale;  
But I can't balance.  
When in a ball-room I appear,  
As soon as they discover  
My presence, off the girls all fly:  
My dancing days are over,  
I'm quite as fat as Lambert was,  
Or any old maid's spaniel;  
And when I walk along the street,  
They cry, "a second Daniel!"  
And if I go into a shop  
Of tailor, hatter, glover,  
They always open both the doors:  
My dancing days are over,  
My college chums oft jeer at me,  
And cry, "Lord, what a porpus!"  
Who'd take you for a Johnian  
You seem to be of Corpus!  
The stage-coachmen all look as if  
They wished me at Hanover;  
The safety cabs don't think me safe:  
My dancing days are over,  
My great pier glass, that used to shew  
My waist so fine and thin,  
Now, turn whichever way I will,  
Won't take my body in.  
My form, that once a paragon  
Would always amply cover,  
A gig umbrella now requires:  
My dancing days are over,  
In vain my hand I offer now;  
Away each damsel stalks;  
Chalk'd floors no longer may I walk,  
So I must walk my chalks.  
For me there is no woman-kind:  
None want me now for lover.  
Maid, widow, wife, all fly—they know  
My dancing days are over!"

The half belongs to St. Patrick's Day, in March, and is called "*An Irish Mellow-day*."

"It was Paddy O'Murrough that lov'd Mistress Casey:  
In ribands for her he would squander his pelf;  
And he swore that without her he'd never be aisy,  
And sent her big praties to roast for herself.

He said she was '*Vanus*, and *Mars*, and *Apolly*;  
And twenty more goddesses up in de skies;  
And never tired praising her swate little ancle,  
And her swate little mouth, and her swate little eyes.

Says he, 'Let de rest get dere bunches o' roses,  
And stick em so illigant top o' dere head:  
Och! Nora don't unde sich bamboozification;  
Her own purty locks is as bright an as red.

So Nora, my darlint, now take pity on me—  
Ochoone! but 'tis luv is de terrible smart!  
An och, bodderashin! 'tis Mither O' Cupid  
Wid his little shilaly is breakin my heart!

'Twas Lent when Pat said so,—but Nora said No, Sir;  
She knew 'twas no use at that time to consent;  
But by Mothering Sunday Pat found her much softer,  
And, before Lent was over, he saw her relent.

The day was soon fixed—Easter Monday, be sure;  
The time seem'd to Pat a snail's gallop to go;  
'By de hokey!' says he, 'is it fast days dey call em?  
For fast days, I tink dey move murtherous slow.'

At length Easter Monday arrived, bright and gay;  
Saint Patrick's Day, too;—nothing could be more pat.  
To chapel away they all went—in a buss:  
For a wedding, what carriage so proper as that?

So the knot was soon happily tied—tho' I know  
There are some in the world think it wrong thus to  
tie men;

That the poor have no right to get married at all;  
And that low men have no sort of bus'ness with  
Hymen.

We will only give a taste of the prose, under  
"Manners made easy."

"It is common to speak contemptuously of  
tailors and dressmakers. This is bad taste,  
none but a rat would run down the sewers."

"When a lady sits down to the piano-forte,  
always volunteer to turn over the leaves. To  
be able to read music is of no consequence, as  
you will know that she is at the bottom of a  
page when she stops short. If you turn over  
two leaves at once, you will probably have the  
secret thanks of most of the company."

From these extracts it will be seen that the  
accustomed quantity and quality of pun and  
fun are to be found in this year's *Comic*.

*Practical Surgery.* With One Hundred and  
Twenty Engravings on Wood. By Robert  
Liston, Surgeon. 8vo. pp. 481. London,  
1837. Churchill; Renshaw.

MR. LISTON is not only a great surgeon in  
every sense of the word, but he is an original  
thinker, a practitioner at once enlightened and  
unprejudiced, and a reformer of many long-  
standing abuses in the treatment of surgical  
cases. It is more particularly to him that the  
profession is indebted for having, to a great  
extent, superseded, by more cleanly and simple  
means, the use of boiling oils, hot dressings,  
filthy unguents, greasy poultices, stimulating  
plasters, and complicated bandages. His motto  
appears to be simplicity in every thing. De-  
sault said, that the simplicity of an operation is  
the measure of perfection; and Mr. Liston has  
carried the same principle even into the treat-  
ment of surgical cases. On going into the wards  
of the hospital attached to the University College,  
a stranger to the efficient yet simple procedures  
adopted for the most part in that hospital, is  
struck with the absence of fetor, and with the  
airiness and sweetness of the wards. They  
wonder that blood is not abstracted more fre-  
quently; that cold lotions are rarely to be seen  
in use; and that poultices, plasters, and oint-  
ments, are seldom employed. A great atten-  
tion is paid to the position of injured parts: Mr.  
Liston makes this one of his essentials in treat-  
ment. The extremities are always considerably  
elevated on inclined planes above the level of  
the trunk, and the return of blood is thus fa-  
voured from the affected part. All fractures,  
lacerated and bruised extremities, sprains, ul-  
cerated, swollen, and inflamed limbs, are ma-  
naged upon this principle; and, according to  
the author, if so treated from the first, the  
action is kept under, the patients suffer com-  
paratively very little, and the parts regain their  
normal condition speedily, and with little fur-  
ther interference. Rest of the affected part is  
also essential to its recovery; and this is oc-  
casionally, but by no means so constantly as is

generally the case, secured by proper apparatus.  
Mr. Liston's principles in the use of hot  
and cold applications, are with the view of  
moderating the flow of blood, general oozing  
from any solution of continuity; and with the  
view also of preventing increased action of the  
capillaries of a part, as, after operations and  
injuries, cold is often applied with great ad-  
vantage; but, after inflammation is lighted up,  
a continuance, or recourse to this practice, he  
holds to be not beneficial. The action is mode-  
rated, sensibility of the part is diminished, the  
uneasy feelings abated, and the patient relieved  
and comforted much more by warm fomenta-  
tions. The effect of cold, on the contrary, is  
to constrict the surface, to drive the blood  
to the deeper parts, and to aggravate mate-  
rially the patients' sufferings. We think  
that there are few practical surgeons who  
will not feel the value and the justice of these  
observations.

In wounds which cannot be healed by the first  
intention, the muscles which act prejudicially  
upon the injured part are relaxed, as is also the  
integument on the aspect of the region impli-  
cated by position; the approximation of the  
edges is favoured, and it is occasionally ad-  
visable, as when there is great detachment of  
soft parts, to retain them somewhat in their  
natural position by a stitch, or by a strip of  
plaster. Discharge is to be promoted by all  
possible means; and this is done after the bleed-  
ing is arrested, by the application of a poultice,  
or of the water dressing, by which, all the  
beneficial effects of heat and moisture are af-  
forded, without any of the disagreeables at-  
tendant upon poultice, its weight, fetor, &c.;  
astringents are to be cautiously added when the  
discharge is too profuse, or granulations too  
luxuriant. But when the surface of a granu-  
lating wound or ulcer is observed to be coated  
with adherent matter, whether this arise from  
local or constitutional disturbance, the soothing  
and simple warm-water dressing must again be  
resorted to.

In the treatment of wounds which may be  
expected to heal by the first intention, Mr.  
Liston's procedure is equally simple and ef-  
ficient. The sutures are few in number, and  
removed, at a very early period; the plaster is  
very adhesive, but unirritating. No pledgets,  
smeared with ointment, or compresses, are ap-  
plied; and no bandage should be required, if the  
surgeon has had the sense to plan, and dexterity  
enough to make, his wound of a proper form  
and in the right direction, so that it shall fall  
together without pulling or strain upon the  
neighbouring parts. These are truly invaluable  
principles of surgery. One more of them, and  
we have finished. The wounded part, instead  
of being put under a load of dressing, which  
always interferes with the circulation, heats the  
part, encourages and retains discharge—thus  
giving the patient great annoyance from stench,  
great pain in their removal and reapplication,  
and imposing much harassing and unpleasant  
duty on the surgeon,—is, on the contrary,  
covered merely by a few strips of plaster, and  
lies cool and comfortable. The discharge, which  
is seldom in great quantities, is wiped up from  
the oiled cloth in which it lies; the fever  
does not run high; the patient is not subjected  
to the least pain; and the cure is speedily  
and pleasantly completed. If we have thus,  
to give an idea of Mr. Liston's labour in science,  
dwelt more with the principles of treatment than  
with the operative department, it is not because  
the work before us does not contain an abun-  
dant supply of new and valuable materials, but  
because such discussions are rather foreign to

our pages; while the really interesting and  
beautiful system of treatment, to which we  
have devoted a column, cannot be too widely  
disseminated, and is of importance, indeed, for  
every individual to be acquainted with. As to  
what regards the other part of the work, the  
profession will do it justice; for there is not in  
existence a manual of practical surgery which  
approaches it, in point of simplicity of detail,  
of accuracy of information, and of general  
utility. The engravings are remarkably well  
executed from drawings made with scientific  
accuracy. The practice of illustrating anatomi-  
cal and surgical, may even pathological tren-  
sises by woodcuts, is a modern invention; and  
we cannot but express a fear that, by leading  
the student to rely upon them alone for infor-  
mation, they may lead to superficiality; but  
there will always be a restraint upon that igno-  
rance which is united to self-sufficiency, where  
a professional man undertakes to perform that  
which he is not well versed in, in the honest  
and candid language of difficulty and danger  
accruing from such malpractices, which is held  
in those professional works which, like the one  
before us, come from the pen of well-informed,  
practical, and able men.

*Hood's Comic Annual for 1837.* 18mo.  
London, 1837. Bailey and Co.

HOOD, like merry old Christmas, coming once  
a year, is always, like merry old Christmas, a  
welcome guest—if we can call him a guest who  
furnishes all the entertainment. We hope we  
may be excused for wishing that he were with  
us the whole year round, not only for our own  
sakes, but for his; and particularly for that he  
might refresh his humour with new observation  
on passing characters and circumstances, rather  
than be thrown upon memories of the bygone  
in a foreign land and amidst foreign customs  
and manners. The native well-spring, it is  
true, is deep and copious; but it would not be  
the worse for being fed from novel sources till  
the sparkling run should overflow on every  
side: though a fountain is pretty enough, too,  
even when it receives its own waters back, and  
throws them up again in other mingled and  
fanciful jets.

The leading prose articles in this volume are  
entitled "The Carnaby Correspondence" and  
"Patronage." The former is a whimsical ex-  
posure of boarding-school trickishness and ma-  
nagement, as exhibited in the case of Master  
Bob Carnaby, the son of John—(a shocking  
bad speller, who "prays [praises] God his pore  
Muther is coald under the Hearth," as "it  
wud spile the rest of hir hashes if so be she  
cood read his tail of pewtered meet")—and  
nephew of Benjamin, a retired sea-captain,  
who visits him at Socrates' House School, Dr.  
and Mrs. Darby, and retires him, as he laugh-  
ably describes, from that worthy establishment.  
The latter caricatures, in a farcical way, the  
sufferings of a nervous man seeking patronage  
in removal from being superintendent of  
powder-mills; and painting his own and fam-  
ily's alarms and sufferings in a very ludicrous  
light.

A quaint story of an Irish passenger to Holy-  
head, who pretends he is brought off by the  
steamer without meaning to cross, as he had  
only come to inspect the accommodations, is  
cleverly told; and the other miscellaneous con-  
tents are equally amusing. As a specimen of  
the verse, we select—

"Napoleon's Midnight Review." A New Version.

In his bed, bolt upright,  
In the dead of the night,  
The French emperor starts like a ghost!



By a dream held in charm,  
He uplifts his right arm,  
For he dreams of reviewing his host.

To the stable he glides,  
For the charger he rides;  
And he mounts him, still under the spell;  
Then, with echoing tramp,  
They proceed through the camp,  
All intent on a task he loves well.

Such a sight soon alarms,  
And the guards present arms,  
As he glides to the posts that they keep;  
Then he gives the brief word,  
And the bugle is heard,  
Like a hoard giving tongue in its sleep.

Next the drums they arouse,  
But with dull row-de-dows,  
And they give but a somnolent sound;  
Whilst the foot and horse, both,  
Very slowly and loath,  
Begin drowsily mustering round.

To the right and left hand,  
They fall in, by command,  
In a line that might be better dress'd;  
Whilst the steeds blink and nod,  
And the lancer think odd  
To be rous'd like the spears from their rest.

With their mouths of wide shape,  
Mortars seem all agape,  
Heavy guns look more heavy with sleep;  
And, whatever their bore,  
Seem to think it one more  
In the night such a field-day to keep.

Then the arms, christened small,  
Fire no volley at all,  
But go off, like the rest, in a doze;  
And the eagles, poor things,  
Tuck their heads 'neath their wings,  
And the band ends in tunes through the nose.

Till each pupil of Mars  
Takes a wink like the stars—  
Open order no eye can obey;  
If the plumes in their heads  
Were the feathers of beds,  
Never top could be sounder than they!

So, just wishing good night,  
Bows Napoleon, polite;  
But instead of a loyal endeavour  
To reply with a cheer;  
Not a sound met his ear,  
Though each face seem'd to say, 'Nap for ever!'

A paper on animal magnetism, happily ridicules that revived folly; and is illustrated by a cat sitting with its tongue out, attracting half a dozen birds from their nest on a tree. We transcribe a portion of it.

"Take the wildest freaks of the most fuddled, muddled, bepuddled soaker,—such as 'trying to light his pipe at a pump'—attempting to wind up a plug with his watch-key—or requesting, from a damp bed in the gutter, to be tucked in—and are they a bit, or a wit, or jot, or what-not, more absurd, more extravagant, or more indicative of imbecility of reason, than the vagary of a somnambulist, gravely going through the back-gammon of reading Back's Journal, or a back-number of the Retrospective Review, through the back of his head? In case the great water companies alluded to should think proper to adopt the foregoing suggestions, the following genuine letters are placed very much at their service, as materials to be worked up into tracts:—

"(COPY.)

"To Mr. Robert Holland, Linen-Draper, No. 104  
Tottenham Court Road, London.

"Dear Bob,—Hoping you are well, and well-doing, we have heard such wonderful accounts in our parts lately about animal magnetising, without any clear notion what it is. My own notion is, it must be something new of my Lord Spenser's.—Althorp as was—who was always very curious about his beasts. Others do say the Duke of Bedford, with a fresh cattle show—nobody knows. Now you are just at the fountain-head to learn, and as most of us down here is more or less engaged in breeding stock, it would be a main thing to be put up to the secret at its first start. Also whether it is

expensive to buy, and who found it out; and if likely to do away with oilcake and mangel wurzel, and such like particulars. Praise be blest, we are all stout and hearty, except your poor aunt, who died three year ago. Which is all the news at present from,

"Dear Bob, your loving Uncle,

"REUBEN OXENHAM.

"(COPY.)

"To Mr. Reuben Oxenham, Grazier, Grasslands, near  
Lincolnshire.

"Dear Uncle,—I was agreeably surprised by your breaking silence, for I had made up my mind you was a distrest farmer gone off swan hopping (excuse the joke) to Swan River, or to get settled among the Dutch boars and lions at the Cape of Good Hope. Thank Heaven! such is not the case; though damped with my dear aunt's going off, I little thought, poor soul! the why and wherefore my goose, three Christmases ago, was the last! But we must all be cut off some day or other, which is a religious consolation for the remnants that are left behind. I have examined, as you desired, a sample of animal magnetism; which turns out to be the reverse of every thing you expect. Indeed, such might have been anticipated by a little forethought on the subject. There is nothing to describe about animals to such as you, that deal in them of all qualities; but it is quite likely that you have forgot all about magnets, since the days of your youth. But, perhaps, when they are named to you, your memory may serve to recollect little bone boxes, at sixpence a piece, with a blackamoor's head a-top, and a little bar of philosopher's steel inside, that points out the north, and sets a needle dancing like mad. It likewise picks up emery, and sticks fast to the blade of a knife. But that is all its powers are competent to—and of course on too small a scale to have any dancing, or lifting, or sticking effect on objects so big as bullocks, or even a pig, or a sheep. Accordingly, you will not be surprised to hear that animal magnetism has nothing at all to do with beasts or loadstones either; but it is all of a piece with juggling, quacksalving, and mountebanking, such as universal physic, spitting Coventry ribbons, tumbling, and posturing, thimble-rig, and the like fabrics. One of the principal tricks is sending people off to sleep against their wills; or not so new a trick though, but it has been heard of years and years ago at Bow Street; and easy enough to perform any day, with a pint of porter,—provided one was rogue enough to want to hocus-pocus the money out of other people's pockets into one's own. To come to the point, there's an outlandish Count set up in it at the west end; and no doubt will realise a fortune. He has his carriage-people for customers, as well as Howel and James; indeed, I have heard of the Somebodies as well as Nobodies running after common fortune-tellers' tales, and not too high to be above going up into their back garrets. Some say he is a Frenchman, others say a German; but the last for choice, for he smokes enough to drive all the rats out of the neighbourhood. Besides, the Germans, I'm told, will believe any thing, provided it's impossible; which is some excuse for their wanting other people to give the same long credits; and, besides, Germans as well as French, and, indeed, all other foreigners, for that matter, though ever such honest people in the main; yet, when they do turn rogues at English expense, they invariably go more than the whole hog, namely, boar, sow, sucking-pigs, and all. So I determined to go wide awake, and to keep my eyes open, too, by not taking bit or sup in the house,

if offered ever so politely. It is, surely, not shewing disrespect to hospitality, to object to hocus-vituals and drinks. I might have spared my fears, however; for there was nothing provided but the legerdmain, &c., and that was charged a guinea for, which you can repay at convenience. I preferred to see somebody else conjured before me; so another patient was taken first. She was a fine strapping young woman enough, dressed half-and-half between a fine lady and a servant-maid; but as sly-looking a baggage as you could select from an assortment of gipsies; and, unless her face belied her, quite capable of scratching a Cock Lane ghost. Indeed, something came across me that I had seen her before; and, if memory don't deceive, it was at some private theatricals contrary to law. For certain she could keep her countenance; for if the outlandish figure of a doctor, with his queer faces, had postured, and pawed, and poked towards me, with his fingers, for all the world like the old game of 'My grandmother sends you a staff, and you're neither to smile nor to laugh,' as he did to her, I should have bursted, to a dead certainty, instead of going off, as she did, into an easy sleep. As soon as she was sound, the Count turned round to me and the company with his broken English—'Ladies and gentlemen,' says he, 'look here at dis young maidens, Miz Charlotte Ann Elizabeth Martin,—for that is his way of talking,—'wid my magnetismuses I tro her into von state of sombamboozeism,—or something to that effect. 'Mizz Charlotte Ann, dou art a slip.' 'As fast as a church, Mister Count,' says she, talking and hearing as easy as broad awake. 'Ferry goot,' says he. 'Now, I take dis boke,—Missis Glasse Cokery,—and I shall make de maidens read som little of him wid her back. Dere he is between her sholders. Mizz Charlotte Ann what you see now mit your eyes turned de wrong way to look?' 'Why, then,' says she, 'Mr. Count, I see quite plain a T and an O. Then comes R, and O, and S, and T; and the next word is H, and A, and I, and R.' 'Ferry goot,' cries the Count over again. 'Dat is to rost de hare. Ladies and gentlemen, you all here?' As Gott is my shudge, so is here in de boke. Now, den, Mizz Charlotte Ann, vons more. Vot you test in your mouse?' 'Why, then, Master,' says Charlotte Ann, 'as sure as fate, I taste sweet herbs chopped up small!' 'Ferry goot, indeed!—but what mor by sides de sweet herrubs?' 'Why,' says she, 'it's a relish of salt, and pepper, and mace,—and, let me see—there's a flavour of currant jelly.' 'Besser and besser!' cries the Count. 'Ladies and gentlemen, are not dese vunderfools? You shall see every vart of it in de print. Mizz Charlotte Ann, vot you feel now?' 'Lawk a mercy, Mister Count,' says she, 'there's a sort of stuffy feel, so there is, in my inside!' 'Yaw! like van fool belly! Ferry goot! Now, you feel vot?' 'Feel! Mister Count?' says she, 'why, I don't feel nothing at all—the stuffiness is gone clean away!' 'Yaw, my shield!' says he, 'dat is by cause I take away de cokery boke from your two sholders. Ladies and gentlemen, dese is grand powers of magnetismus! Ach himmel! As Hamlet say, dere is more in our filosofies dan dere is in de heaven or de earth! Our mutter Nature is so fond to hide her face! Bot von adept, so as me, can lift up a whale!' To shorten a long story, the sombamboozeism lasted for two hours; while Miss Charlotte Ann told fortunes in her sleep, and named people's inward complaints, and prescribed for them with her eyes shut. Mine was dropsy; and I was to take antimonious wine three times a-day,

to throw the water off my stomach. So, if you like to ask your apothecary, or the parish doctor, they will be able to tell you whether it looks like proper practice or the reverse. For my own part, I mean to suspend myself till I feel more symptoms; and, in the meantime, I have experimented on myself so far as to try behind my back with the Ready Reckoner. But I could not even see the book, much less make out a figure. To be sure I was broad awake, but it stands to reason that the circumstance only gave the better chance in its favour; at least, it has always been reckoned so with a book held the proper natural way. I was the more particular with the book-work, because it looked like the master-key to let you into the whole house:—for, no doubt, if you can do that trick, you can do all the rest, and have a hare dressed between your shoulders as easily as a blister. But, to my mind, it is all sham Abraham; or the little boys that go every day with whole satchels full of books at their backs would know rather more about them than they do generally at leaving off school. And now, uncle, I have explained to you all about animal magnetism; and, says you, there are many things that come by names they have no right to, without going to Scotland, where, you know, they call a pitcher a pig. So it is very lucky, on the whole, that you wrote to me, instead of posting up to London on a fool's errand,—as did a respectable Lancashire grazing gentleman, the other day, in the newspapers, who was hoaxed all the way up to town, by a false notion that animal magnetism, as he called it, was some new, cheap, and quick way of fattening cattle. It will, maybe, turn out quite as deceitful an article as its other qualities; and, in that case, if I had the luck to be a magistrate, I would cold-pig the sleeping partners with Cold Bath Fields, and send off the active ones to take a walk at a cart's tail, with something they could feel, if they could not read it, on their backs and shoulders. That's how I would measure out the law if I was lord chief justice. In which sentiments I conclude, with love to yourself, and all my cousins, if I have any living—with my best condolences for my poor late aunt. As to business, I have only broken twice as yet; which is doing pretty well, considering the hard times and the state of trade. Wishing you the like prosperity, with health, and every other blessing, I remain, dear uncle,

Your affectionate nephew,  
ROBERT HOLLAND.

"P.S. Since the foregoing, I have discussed the subject with a neighbour, a veterinary surgeon; and he says it is all very well for the old men and women physicians, but won't go down with the horse-doctors. 'However,' says he, 'if you are bent on trying it, I will give you a receipt. Take a two-year old full blood colt, half broke, or not broke at all; if vicious, so much the better. Shoe him behind with a couple of stout horse-shoe loadstones, and then stand convenient, and take a tug or two at his tail, till you feel him begin to operate. That's animal magnetism, and will do you quite as much good or harm as the other new kick, and save you all the fees besides.'"

"The Forlorn Shepherd's Complaint. An Unpublished Poem from Sydney," will serve excellently for an example of the prose and verse.

"It may be necessary to bespeak the indulgent consideration of the reader for the appearance of the following curiosity in such a work. The truth is, the pages of the *Comic Annual* naturally present to me the most obvious means

of making the poem known; besides, as it were, offering personal security for my own belief in its authenticity. And, considering my literary credit as so pledged, I do not hesitate to affirm that I think the effusion in question may confidently be referred to Sydney; and even, on the internal evidence of its pastoral character, to the Arcadia. The verses have never till now appeared in print. The lover of Old English poetry would vainly hunt for it in any edition extant of the works of Sir Philip; and, probably, the family records and remains at Penshurst might be searched, to as little purpose, for a copy in MS. From the extreme quaintness of the original, which would have required the help of a glossary to render it generally intelligible, I have thought it advisable to translate many of the phrases into more current language; but scrupulously preserving the sense of the text. Enough of the peculiar style, however, still remains, to aid in forming a judgment of the author's era. As for the apparent incongruity of the double vocation ascribed to the tuneful swain in the poem, besides abundant classical evidence that the Corydons of ancient times were often also heroes, or warriors, or adventurers, we have the positive contemporary testimony of modern travellers, that in those very pastures where the scene is laid, it is at this day the practice to intrust the charge of the flocks to personages who have formerly been engaged in the same perilous career as the 'Forlorn Shepherd.' His lament, it will be seen, is full of regrets and stealing tears for the stirring times of 'Auld Lang Syne.'

'Vell! Here I am—no Matter how it suits  
A-keeping Company with them dumb Brutes,  
Old Park vos no bad Judge—confound his vig!  
Of vot vood break the Spirit of a Prig!

The Like of Me, to come to New Sow Wales  
To go a-tagging arter Vethers' Tails,  
And walk in Heritage as delights the Flock,  
But stinks of sweet Herbs vorser nor the Dock!

To go to set this solitary Job  
To von whose Vork vos alway in a Mob!  
It's out of all our Lines, for sure I am  
Jack Shepherd even never kep a Lamb!

I ain't ashamed to say I sit and weep  
To think of Seven Year of keepin Sheep,  
The spooniest Beasts in Nater, all to Sticks,  
And not a Votch to take for all their Ticks!

If I'd fore-seed how Transports would turn out  
To only Bas! and Botanize about,  
I'd quite as leas have had the vother Pull,  
And come to Cotton, as to all this Vool!

Von only happy moment I have had  
Since here I come to be a Farmer's Cad,  
And then I catch'd a vld Beast in a Snooze,  
And pick'd her Pouch of three young Kangaroos!

Vot chance have I to go to Race or Mill;  
Or shew a smacking Kindness for a Till?  
And as for Vashings, on a hedge to dry,  
I'd put the Natives' Linen in my Eye!

If this whole Lot of Mutton I could scrag,  
And find a Fence to turn it into Swag,  
I'd give it all in Lomnon Streets to stand,  
And if I had my pick, I'd say the Strand!

But ven I goes, as maybe vonce I shall,  
To my old Crib, to meet with Jack and Sal,  
I've been so gallows honest in this Place,  
I shan't not like to shew my sheepish Face.

It's werry hard for nothing but a Box  
Of Irish Blackguard to be keepin' Flocks  
'Mong naked Blacks, sich Savages to hus,  
They've nayther got a Pocket nor a Pus.

But Folks may tell their Troubles till they're sick  
To dumb brute Beasts,—and so I'll cut my Slick!  
And vot's the Use a Feller's Eyes to pipe  
Vere von can't borrow any Geimman's Vipe?"

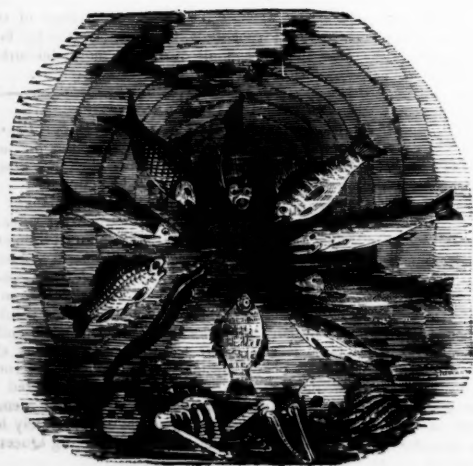
Fishing is always a favourite theme with Mr. Hood, and we have two pieces about the angle in this *Comic*. The last, in the form of a review, is in his most peculiar manner; but we can only afford room for its conclusion.

"It was well nigh six o'clock, and my old friend, Corkindale, very well dressed of course,

was on his way to the 'Wells.' There was to be a new grand aquatic spectacle, and, as usual, with real water. It was fated, however, that Corkindale was to meet with another entertainment in the same element, not announced in the bills. He had just arrived here, or hereabouts, when, all at once, he perceived something floating in the river, which, if not a woman, was certainly a man in woman's clothes. In either case the duty was the same; and, in a moment, the little man, perfumed and powdered, and in a bran-new suit, was plunging into the water like a Newfoundland dog. The object proved, as expected, to be a human body, not yet a corpse; in short, he had the happiness of prolonging the life of an unfortunate female; and was so well satisfied with his own performance, that he abandoned all intention of going to the theatre. So far so good, and as any other man might have acted; but with poor Corkindale the matter took a more singular turn, namely, a turn for pulling people out of rivers. The Humane Society unfortunately sent him a silver medal; and from that hour the desire of saving increased upon him as it does with a miser. He neglected his business to take long daily rambles by the Serpentine, or wherever else there seemed a chance of gratifying his propensity; and, above all, he haunted the scene of his former exploit, under the very common expectation, that what had occurred once would happen again in the same locality. And, curiously enough, the calculation was partly to be realised. At the same hour, on the same day of the week of the same month as before, I was walking with him on our road to the 'Wells,' when, lo and behold! at the identical spot, we perceived a boy in the last stage of distress, wringing his hands, weeping aloud, and gazing intently for something which seemed to have disappeared in the river. We, of course, inquired what was the matter; but the poor fellow was too overcome to speak intelligibly, though he was able to intitate, by signs, that the cause of his agony was in the water. In such cases every moment is precious; and, merely throwing off his new hat, Corkindale was instantly diving in the stream, where he kept under indeed so long, that I really began to fear he had been grappled by some perishing wretch at the bottom. At last, however, he emerged, but it was only to ask eagerly for a more explicit direction. By this time the poor boy was more composed, so as to be able to direct the search rather more to the left, which was with the current. Accordingly, down went Corkindale a second time, in the direction pointed out, but with no better success; and, when he came up again, between agitation and exertion, he was almost exhausted. At last, he was just able to articulate, "Gracious Heaven! nothing—not a shred." The anxiety of the poor boy, in the meantime, seemed extreme. "Lawd-bless you, sir, for ever and ever," cries the boy, "for going in, sir; but do just try again—pray, pray do, sir." Corkindale did not require urging. "Quick, quick," says he, making himself up for another attempt; "tell me—man or woman?" "Oh! how good on you, sir," cries the boy, "poor fellow, quite delighted at a fresh hope." "Oh, how vex, very good on you, sir; but it's nobody, sir, but a nook!—a nook for fishing!"—And, O Lord! O Grief! if you don't find it—for I've got never a fadin' for to buy another!"

Of the numerous cuts, not the least funny and original ideas in this volume, the author and publisher enable us to give our readers an idea, by introducing the following specimens:—

The "Tragic Muse" (mews) tells its own melancholy *tail*; and the "Duck and Frog" is a tail-piece. The "Original Railroad" seems as safe as the Birmingham; and "Sharers in the Thames Tunnel" seem none the worse of the breaking up of the concern. "Bat and Ball" (bawl) is a genuine Hood.





*The Book of Beauty, for 1838.* With beautifully finished Engravings, executed under the Superintendence of Mr. Charles Heath. Edited by the Countess of Blessington. London, 1837. Longman and Co.

HAVING only enjoyed a casual glance at this year's *Book of Beauty*, we cannot say more of it than that it contains contributions from Mr. E. L. Bulwer, Mr. Procter, L. E. L., Mrs. Norton, Miss Sheridan, Lady Charlotte Bury, Colonel Caradoc, Mr. Ainsworth, Mr. Bernal, Lord William Lennox, Mr. B. Disraeli, Captain Marryat, Mrs. Fairlie, and the accomplished editor, Lady Blessington. Among others, we noticed a poem of considerable power and pathos, entitled "Dolorida;" and a shorter piece, on "Death," under a signature which is new to us; aid, *pour encourager*, we select the latter for our exemplar of the verse.

"To Death. By Mrs. Torre Holme.

"Death! most desired, most lovely. To my ear  
The very sound is soothing. When alone,  
As a fond lover breathes the name most dear,  
Sinking his accents to their softest tone;  
Even so, amid deep silence, oft do I  
Utter thy name with hushed and trembling breath;  
And, listening to the night-winds rushing by,  
Await in vain an answer—gentle Death!

How lovely must thou be! Though some may fear  
To approach thee, and unveil thy hidden face  
Thy beauty maddens those who gaze more near,  
And thousands rush through crime to thy embrace.  
Thy lovers are the young, the passionate,  
The hearts that beat too quickly, who repine  
Through years of suffering and decay to wait,  
But snatched with eager haste at charms like thine!

Thou art a dangerous rival! and for thee  
The fairest are abandoned. Thou art known  
To draw even love from his fidelity,  
Making the beautiful and loved thine own.  
The golden portals of eternity  
Are in thy keeping; and thy thought must blend  
With every wish and aspiration high,  
That can from human hearts to heaven ascend.

Faith—Courage—Love! What are they until Death  
Stamps them with Truth's irrevocable seal?  
Mere words, depending on man's changing breath,  
Falsely the morrow may perhaps reveal.  
But thou art merciful: and in the hour  
Of mortal trial oft wilt interpose  
To place our virtue beyond frailty's power,  
Or shelter in the grave our guilt and woes!  
Thou art the truth—the certainty—the hope  
Of our mysterious being. Who could bear  
With their own passions and the world to cope  
In life's fierce warfare? If thou wert not there,  
Awaiting, like a mother, to whose breast  
When all the tumults of the day-time cease,  
She takes her wearied children to their rest—  
Enfolds them gently there—and whispers, Peace!"

For the prose, we cannot suit our page better than with "*Apropos of Bored*," from the pen of Lady Blessington.

"*Apropos of bored*, how frequently is the pleasure of society injured, if not destroyed, by the bored who infest it! and how seldom can we recall a single day, the enjoyment of which has not been deteriorated by their intervention! One of the annoying peculiarities of bored is, to select the moment for relating some stupid anecdote, or for asking some silly question, when a witty, instructive, or interesting conversation is going on, to which one is desirous of listening. A particular instance of this vexatious propensity once annoyed me excessively; it occurred at a dinner given by my late worthy friend, Sir William Garraw. 'Pray, tell us,' said he to a man who sat near him, 'that adventure of yours in the wine-vaults of Lincoln's Inn, of which I heard a garbled account the other day.' I, who always liked an adventure, pricked up my ears at the sound; and the individual, thus questioned, commenced the following story. 'A friend of mine went to Madeira in an official situation, some years ago. He speculated largely in wine, and sent home several pipes, to be kept until his return. He wrote to request me to find them safe cellarage; and I, in

consequence, applied to a friend, a barrister, to procure me permission to lodge the wine in the vast cellars of Lincoln's Inn Square. I was furnished with a key, that I might have ingress and egress to this sombre spot when I liked; and having, one day, a vacant hour in my chambers, it suddenly entered my head that I would go and inspect the wine *dépôt* of my absent friend. Armed with the key, I sallied forth, and engaged the first porter I met to procure a candle, and accompany me to the cellar. You are not, perhaps, aware that these vast vaults are twenty feet beneath the square, and the entrance to them many feet, I believe one hundred and fifty, removed from any dwelling, or populous resort. We entered the gloomy cavern, and locked the door on the inside, to prevent any idle person who might, by chance, pass that way, from taking cognisance of the treasure it concealed. So great was the extent of the vault, that our feeble light scarcely enabled us to grope our way through its mirky regions; but, at length, we reached the spot where I knew the wine of my friend was deposited, and had the satisfaction of finding that the pipes were in perfect condition. We were preparing to return, when the porter, who held the candle, made a false step, and was precipitated to the earth, extinguishing the light in his fall. Never shall I forget the sensation I experienced at that moment! for the extent and tortuous windings of the vault impressed me with a rapid conviction of the difficulty, if not impossibility, of discovering the door. The alarmed porter declared in terror, that we were lost, inevitably lost, that he should never see his wife and children more, and cursed the hour he left the light of day to explore the fearful cave that would now become his tomb—a tomb, on which no fond eye would dwell; and he cried aloud, in an agony of despair, at his gloomy contemplation. I urged him to restrain his useless lamentations, and seek to grope our way in the direction of the door; and after having occupied full two hours in fruitlessly wandering through as many various and devious turnings as if in a labyrinth, we, at length, discovered the object of our search. 'Oh! God be thanked, God be thanked!' exclaimed the porter, with frantic joy, 'then I shall again see my wife, my little ones!' and he seized the key, which was in the lock, and turned it with such force that it snapped, the head remaining inextricably secured in the wards. 'Now, now we are indeed lost!' cried he, throwing himself on the ground; 'all hope is at an end, for we might knock and scream here for ever, without being heard. Why, why did I come with you? It is plain you are an unlucky man, whoever you are, and your ill fortune falls on me.' I tried to comfort him, though seriously alarmed myself; but he only became angry, telling me I could be no father or husband, to talk coolly at such a moment, and with a certain prospect of death by famine staring us in the face. 'Oh, Lord! oh, Lord!' cried he, starting up in terror, 'the rats are gathering round; they will devour us before hunger has done its worst!' I have, all my life, had a peculiar antipathy to these animals; and confess that, when I found them stumbling over my feet, and heard them running at every side, an increased shudder of horror and fear chilled my blood. 'Let us stave in one of the wine-pipes,' said my companion, 'that we may forget, in the excitement of wine, the horrible death that awaits us. Yes, let us get drunk!' I refused to adopt this project; and my refusal again drew forth his reproaches on my being an unlucky man,

and his conviction that I had no heart in my body, as he expressed it, or no wife and little ones expecting me at home, or I would not take matters so easy. How many thoughts did I give to the dear objects to whom he referred, as I now dwell with anguish on the fearful probability of my never again beholding them! We searched in vain for a stone, or any other implement with which to wrench the lock or force the hinges, both of which resisted all our efforts. Hour after hour passed away. How interminably long appeared their flight! the silence only broken by the mingled reproaches and lamentations of my companion, and the increased noise of the rats, who now, becoming more courageous, assailed our feet. Each hour strengthened my conviction of our inevitable death in this horrible subterranean, where, probably, our mortal remains would not be discovered until every trace of identity was destroyed by the ravenous reptiles around us. My blood ran cold at the reflection, and my heart melted at the thought of them who were, doubtless, at that moment anxiously counting the hours of my unusual absence. I seized the arm of my companion, and—'Here one of the company, proverbial for his obtuseness, and who repeatedly attempted to interrupt the narrative, seized my button, and in a loud voice said, 'How do you think, Jekyll, I should have got out?' 'You would have bored your way out, to be sure,' answered I, impatient at the interruption; and the more so, as, at this instant, the butler announced that the ladies were waiting tea for us. I ascended to the drawing-room, fully intending to request the sequel of the story; but a succession of airs on the piano, accompanied by the voices of the ladies, precluded the possibility of conversation. In a few days after I met some of the party, and questioned them respecting the conclusion. One declared that he had forgotten all about the story; another said that it had set him off to sleep, and so he missed the denouement; a third avowed that, being deaf in the left ear, he had not heard more than a few words; and a fourth told me, that a tiresome man next him took that opportunity of giving him the particulars of a county meeting, as detailed in the morning papers, not omitting a single line. Consequently, to this hour, I am ignorant how the gentleman and porter escaped from the vault!"

A glance at the plates enables us to point out the portrait of Mrs. Wombwell, as being beautiful.

Since writing the foregoing, a copy of the work has reached us, to which (as it is too late for this) we shall turn our more deliberate attention next week.

#### MISCELLANEOUS.

*Britannia Ingrata; a Tribute to the Peninsular Army.* With an Introduction and Notes. By Major William Mackie. Small 4to. pp. 95. London, 1837. Boone.

THOUGH in poetry (and after the manner of Scott), this is a soldierly appeal, by a gallant officer of the gallant 88th, or Connaught Rangers, in behalf of his companions, who fought and conquered in the glorious war which freed Spain from her powerful invaders, and led to the consummation of Waterloo. Major Mackie thinks, with many, that the honours bestowed for military services were too limited, and that the heroes of the arduous struggle which he commemorates, ought to have been considered in their country's acknowledgments and memorials. Medals might yet be appropriately bestowed at the beginning of our young Queen's

reign; and national gratitude might be shown by some proud and enduring monument, to grace the capital. Surely, of all parsimony, parsimony in gratitude is the least excusable; and, without criticising the verse, we may truly say, that the author has deserved well of his brave comrades.

*The Derbyshire Tourist's Guide and Travelling Companion; including an Account of the various Places generally visited by Strangers in the County of Derby, &c. &c.* By E. Rhodes, Author of "Peak Scenery," &c. Pp. 278. London, 1837. Goodridge; Sheffield, Ridge and Jackson.

DERBYSHIRE is, if not the most, one of the most interesting counties in England, and who so fit to act as a guide to its beauties and curiosities as the author of "Peak Scenery"? We accordingly find this to be an excellent performance; leading us pleasantly to the many picturesque, natural, and other features, worthy of being visited, from the splendid remains of antiquity and the wonderful cavern, to the dwelling of modern elegance and the simple attractions of the gushing waterfall and wooded dell. Even without going out of your library or reading-room, Mr. Rhode's volume will supply a literary treat.

*The Theory of Electric Repulsion Examined, &c. &c.* By Charles Hales. Pamphlet, pp. 22. London, Taylor and Walton.

THE author attacks the theory of electric repulsion in the experiments which he has here recorded, and which he believes to contain some original and important discoveries in a branch of science which is one of the most seductive, for the various reasoning with which its various phenomena can be regarded. We cannot help thinking, while we abstain from entering into a discussion upon the experiments which Mr. Hales has brought before the public, that one of the numerous scientific societies which exist in the metropolis ought to have been the field which the author should have sought for truths, it would have saved him the expense of his pamphlet, and, if he is right, would have obtained for him greater and more immediate publicity and credit.

*Hannay and Dietrichsen's Almanack and Book of General Information, for 1838.* 8vo. pp. 73. (Hannay and Dietrichsen).—1838 is called the second year of "Victoria the First," a sort of pleonasm which we should like to see discarded; as, until there is a second sovereign of the same name, it is not merely unnecessary, but absurd, to designate the first by that distinction. Who ever talked of Elizabeth the First, or Anne the First? Having dismissed this blemish, we have to express our approbation of the Almanack. The astronomical and geographical portions are full; and the customary notices of gardening, calendars, &c. &c., including parliament, the army, universities, the law courts, bankers in town and country, and a list of fairs, all very useful.

#### ARTS AND SCIENCES.

##### LINNEAN SOCIETY.

MR. FORSTER in the chair.—Specimens of *Erica ciliaris*, *Statice spathulata*, *Spartina alterniflora*, and of *Isolepis savii*, collected in the south and west of England during the last summer, were presented by Mr. Woods. Specimens of *Cereus senilis*, and of various species of *Echinocactus* and *Mammillaria*, collected by M. Deschamps in Mexico, were presented by Mr. Charlwood. Read, 'A Notice of the discovery of the *Cucubalus baccifer*, in the Isle of Dogs, by Mr. Luxford.' This interesting plant was found by Mr. Luxford in the early part of August last, growing on the bank of a ditch, near the road leading from Blackwall to Ferry House. The plant has long occupied a place in the British Flora, having been introduced by Dillenius into the third edition of "Ray's Synopsis," on the authority

of a Mr. Foulkes, by whom it was stated to have been observed by some person in Anglesea; but no one has met with it since in that locality, and, indeed, as appears by a letter from Mr. Foulkes to Dr. Richardson, published in the Linnean correspondence, vol. ii. p. 171, there seems no ground for believing that it was ever found in that island; and it has, consequently, been recently excluded from the British list. Read, also, 'A Memoir on the Family of *Fulgurides*, with a Monograph of the genus *Fulgura*, of Linneus, by Mr. Westwood.' This paper comprises descriptions of eight new species of the curious genus *Fulgura*, or lantern fly. A dutiful address to Her Majesty, on her accession to the throne, was read from the chair, and unanimously agreed to.

##### GEOLOGICAL SOCIETY.

WEDNESDAY, NOV. 1. Dr. W. H. Fitton, V.P., in the chair.—The first paper read at this meeting was by Mr. Williamson, 'On the Remains of Fishes in the Coal-fields of Lancashire.' The author having, in a previous account of the Ardwick limestone, described the *Ielthygofites* found there, consisting of scales of *Megathythis* and *Palæoniscus*, with teeth of the latter, has now come to the conclusion, in conjunction with Professor Johnstone, that the bed in which these occur is entirely a coprolitic mass. With the above was also described a tooth of *Diplodus gibbosus*. In this, as well as in another pit near Ringley, where the same roofstone occurs, one or two species of *Unio* were found, as well as remains of *Stigmara fœoides* and *Calamites nodosus*, with other plants.—The next paper read was 'On the Geology of the Island of Zante,' by H. C. Strickland, Esq., which the author commenced by stating that the structure of this island is simpler than that of the other Ionian Islands, and that it presents an epitome of their component rocks in an almost unbroken series. The geological phenomena of Zante may be arranged under the three heads of—1. The Appenine limestone; 2. Tertiary deposits; and 3. Mineral springs. 1. The name of Appenine limestone is preferred for the vast deposit of the south of Europe, especially on the shores of the Adriatic, which is uniform in character for many thousand feet of vertical thickness and many hundred miles of horizontal extent. Its fossils, though rare, shew it to be the equivalent of the cretaceous, and, perhaps, also of the oolitic, series of Northern Europe. This light-coloured limestone, which extends in a ridge along the west coast of the island, often assumes the characters of the hard chalk of the North of England. No flints were found; but fossil remains, such as nummulites and fragments of hippurites, occasionally occur. It abounds in numerous faults and fractures, as well as caverns, and has been mistaken for the carboniferous limestone of northern Europe. 2. The tertiary beds repose on the eastern flank of the limestone range, extending thence to the eastern coast. They form several detached hills, rising through the alluvial matter which forms the central plain of the island. The uppermost strata consist of an aggregate of calcareous and arenaceous particles, forming a pale yellow porous stone, which is easily worked—containing a few fossils; and it is succeeded by a deposit of blue clay and marl, in which occur a few shells of *Pectunculus auritus*, *Statice glauca*, &c. Gypseous beds are found on the south coast of Zante; and the strata above them clearly belong to the Pliocene epoch, as many of their fossils are identical with those of the sub-Appenine hills. The

beds below the gypsum contain but few fossils, as crushed echini and obscure bivalves. In one situation a bed of indurated bluish marl contains shells of a *Hyalea* and *Crescia*, larger than the species *H. Cornea* and *C. Spinifera*, now living in the Mediterranean. On the west side of Port Cheri, a low argillaceous cliff, containing a few scales and vertebrae of fish, and a species of *Vermiculum*, has probably been brought down from some higher part of the tertiary series by the subsidence which seems to have formed the valley and bay of Port Cheri, and of which striking proofs may be seen in the parallel striae and hardened exterior smooth surface, on the small surface of a fault in the Appenine limestone which descends to the sea. 3. The mineral springs. The sources of bitumen for which Zante has been celebrated since the time of Herodotus, rise in the midst of the marshy plain at Port Cheri. The wells yield about 40 barrels annually. The bitumen oozes up from the bottom, and above it the well is filled by a spring of clear, cool, and tasteless water. These and other bitumen springs occurring in the neighbourhood of foults, and there being nothing in the composition of either the tertiary or secondary rocks to account for its production, the author infers that it is derived from the region of volcanic action, which may almost be demonstrated to underlie the Ionian Islands. The last paper read was by C. Darwin, Esq. on the formation of mould. The author commenced by remarking on the two most striking characters by which the superficial layer of vegetable mould is distinguished. These are, its nearly homogeneous nature, although overlying different kinds of subsoil, and the uniform fineness of its particles. This may be well observed in any gravelly country, where, although in a ploughed field, a large proportion of the soil consists of small stones, yet in old pasture land not a single pebble will be found within some inches of the surface. The author's attention was called to this subject by Mr. Wedgwood, of Maer Hall, in Staffordshire, who shewed him several fields, some of which a few years before had been covered with lime, and others with burnt marl and cluders. These substances, in every case, were now buried to the depth of some inches beneath the turf, as was ascertained by a careful examination of the several fields; and Mr. Darwin stated that the appearance in all cases was as if the fragments had, as the farmers believe, worked themselves down. But it did not appear to him at all possible, that either the powdered lime, or the fragments of burnt marl, and the pebbles, could sink through compact earth to some inches beneath the surface. Nor is it probable that the decay of the grass, although adding to the surface some of the constituent parts of the mould, should separate in so short a time, the fine from the coarse earth, and accumulate the former on those objects which had so lately been strewn on the surface. Mr. Darwin had also observed near towns, in apparently unploughed fields, pieces of pottery and bones some inches below the surface. So, on the mountains of Chili, he had been perplexed by marine elevated shells, covered by earth, in situations where rain could not have washed it on them. The explanation which occurred to Mr. Wedgwood of these phenomena, Mr. Darwin does not doubt to be the correct one, namely, that the whole is due to the digestive process by which the common earth-worm is supported. On carefully examining between the blades of grass in the fields where the observations had been made, the author found that there was



scarcely a space of two inches square without a little heap of the cylindrical castings of worms. It is well known that worms, in their excavations, swallow earthy matter, and, having separated the serviceable portion, eject at the mouth of their burrows the remainder, in little intestine-shaped heaps; hence the fine particles are brought to the surface, and the cinders, burnt marl, or powdered lime, would, by degrees, be undermined, and eventually become covered by what was previously the underlying earth. In a field on which cinders had been spread only half a year before, Mr. Darwin actually saw the castings of the worms heaped on the smaller fragments. On the above hypotheses, the great advantage of old pasture land, which farmers are always averse to break up, is explained; for the worms must require a considerable length of time to prepare a thick stratum of mould, by thoroughly mingling the original constituent parts of the soil, as well as the manures added by man. The author observes, that the digestive process of animals is a geological power of greater extent than might, at first, be imagined. In recent coral formations, the quantity of stone converted into the most impalpable mud by the excavations of boring shells, and of nereidous animals, must be very great. Numerous large fish (of the genus *Sparus*) likewise subsist by browsing on the living branches of coral. Mr. Darwin believes that large portions of the chalk of Europe has been produced from coral by the digestive action of marine animals, in the same manner as mould has been prepared by the same process on disintegrated rock.

## ELECTRICAL SOCIETY.

SATURDAY, Nov. 18.—Mr. Pollock read a paper, which may be styled *Views on Electricity*; but the title might not arrest the attention of our readers, nor induce that interest in their minds which the vast extent, the novelty of the views, and the importance of the subject, deserves. To bring the matter clearly before them, we will refer briefly to two former papers by the same author, before we proceed with him to follow out the investigations under the heads of the present one. The first treated of the "principle" of matter—the same cause, under different circumstances, producing the various phenomena of the different sciences. The "principle" was considered to be a fluid pervading all space, an universal cause, the basis of all phenomena of the sciences—vibration of matter, sound, and its currents; producing light, heat, electricity, magnetism, &c. The second paper pointed out the changes of form, attended by expansion and contraction, which the elements of a voltaic battery undergo, and the influence those changes exercise upon the electrical properties of matter so affected, if the theory of one fluid be true. Matter expanding becomes negatively—contracting, positively, electrified; the expansion attending the formation of the oxide of zinc being the primary cause of all the other changes of form in the battery. The objections raised against the author's theory of the action of the battery were, the want of experiments to shew the changes—chemical action was not the cause of all electric action—the phenomena may be explained by the properties of matter, independently of any fluid. The answers to these objections formed the commencement of the paper which is the subject of this notice. We will pass over the two former, merely observing, that chemical action was not considered the sole cause of electric effect, but that it was more deeply seated, and appeared to depend upon the vibra-

tion of matter which, disturbing the equilibrium of the fluid, produces electric action; and that, if it were based upon chemical action, it must be supposed that the atoms of matter undergo changes during vibration. The reply to the last objection stated, although it might be possible to explain the phenomena of the battery agreeably to the known laws of matter, yet probability is strongest in the existence of a fluid; and, if it be supposed that its parts are so intensely small that the attractive force between them and surrounding matter exceeds that of themselves for each other, all that is required to explain the phenomena of an electric fluid is possessed; for such matter must be highly elastic, diffusive, and strongly disposed to pass in the lines of least resistance. The subject was then continued in the following order: 1st. The influence of the transition of the metal zinc into the state of oxide, upon the remaining metal zinc. Oxide of zinc forming must contain a less quantity of the fluid than surrounding bodies, owing to the expansion of its constituent metal, and, therefore, must be in the negatively electrified state. The remaining metal, at the moment of giving off the oxide, must be in the opposite state, the positive, owing to induction, in common electrical language. The author objects to the term, as will be seen presently. Secondly was considered the influence exercised upon the copper by the zinc. The metal zinc, being positive to the oxide, will be negative to surrounding bodies, and, amongst them, to the copper with which it is in contact, agreeably to induction. 3dly. The transition of the hydrogen from the state in which it exists in water to that in gas. Hydrogen occupies space, in the states of gas and water, as 12,000 to 1; therefore, on its formation, must contain less fluid than surrounding bodies, and be highly negative. Here a question arises, how the hydrogen is brought into the positive state which it is, and must be, to be attracted to the negative pole of the battery? It may be said, that the negative copper renders it positive by induction; but, why the copper should exercise its inducing power peculiarly upon the hydrogen, and not upon the other components of the arrangement, is not explained. Induction here assists to the statement of the fact, but not to the discovery of the cause. The fourth part of the paper was devoted to a recapitulation of the effects, and remarks thereon; they cannot, however, be entirely omitted, consistently with the clear understanding of the inquiry; we will, therefore, state them as briefly as possible. It has been shewn, then, that expansion attends the transition of the metal zinc into its oxide; contraction, that of the oxygen from the state of water to that of oxide; expansion, that of the oxide and acid into that of the saline compound; and contraction of the metal zinc and, also, the copper. The doctrine of induction is generally given to explain the connexion of these changes, and the electric action of the battery. But the opinion of Mr. Pollock was, that the frequent use of the term has retarded the progress of electrical science. It may be useful to correct isolated facts; but it gives no insight into the cause by which the induced phenomena are produced: and he hoped that it would shortly be dispensed with, as it was rendered necessary by our ignorance alone. He then proceeded to the explanation of the action of the battery, by the theory of vibration. Every body must be supposed capable of undergoing vibration: to be positive while imparting the fluid during the contracting stage; and negative while receiving it in the expanding stage. The acid, acting upon the zinc to form

the oxide, tends to increase the expanding stage, and it will become highly negative. The fluid will be powerfully abstracted from the remaining metal, which, therefore, has its tendency to undergo the contracting stage increased. Whilst these stages exist, a current will pass between them: on its ceasing, the expanding stage commences in the zinc; it becomes negative, and absorbs the fluid from the copper, which, in turn, becomes positive, thus generating a current. When this ceases, the expanding stage begins in the copper; it is rendered negative, and absorbs the fluid from the solution, which becomes positive, and a current will pass between them. The foregoing was illustrated by a diagram. The effect of the vibration is a current existing through the arrangement, from the zinc to the solution, through the copper to the zinc again, keeping up a complete circuit. The vibratory theory also explains how the hydrogen is brought into the positive state, as before observed. On its being converted into gas, it absorbs the fluid from the solution; but, being gaseous and, therefore, elastic, it undergoes compression, becomes positive, and gives out its fluid to the negative copper. If the theory be true, it follows that, as the consumption of the fluid by the oxidation of the zinc is not met by an equivalent production within the battery, its action must depend upon its power of absorbing the fluid from surrounding bodies, and not of imparting it to them. Two facts—analagous instances—the formation of the deutoxide of hydrogen, as described by Mr. Faraday in the 728th section of his "Experimental Researches," and the conversion of a plain piece of steel into a magnet, were quoted in support of the foregoing statement, and considered to place upon an incontrovertible basis the dependence of the action of the battery upon its power of absorbing the fluid. It is true that there is no known experiment sufficiently delicate to determine the existence of vibrations, in consequence of the great velocity with which they occur in the different stages; thousands, or even millions occurring in a second of time. But if the theory of vibration be true, it follows that, as the positions and times of the two stages do not correspond, the fluid given out and absorbed, during the contracting and expanding stages respectively, will not be equal. As respects sound, which is allowed to be dependent upon the vibration of matter, La Place, investigating mathematically the phenomena, found that his results did not correspond with the facts, that the velocity of sound determined by observation exceeded what it ought to have been theoretically by 173 feet, or about one-sixth of the whole amount. This discrepancy arises from the increased elasticity of the air, in consequence of a development of latent heat during the undulations of sound. The heat given out during the compression of the air is not absorbed during the rarefaction that necessarily accompanies it, for the volume of air remains not permanently contracted nor compressed, but the same after as before. Thus, heat generated during the transmission of sound is a test of the presence of vibration. The phenomena of electricity are analagous. The heat generated by the voltaic battery denotes the vibration taking place in it in the same manner as that produced by the transmission of sound. Sound, electricity, magnetism, light, and heat, are each and all in connexion with a force or motion through matter, and, consequently, with its vibration. From the foregoing investigation Mr. Pollock drew two inferences, whose mutual influence upon the action of the voltaic

## STATISTICAL SOCIETY.

OWING to some inexplicable conduct on the part of a functionary in the Statistical Society, we are this week prevented from giving a report of its proceedings. We shall endeavour to rectify matters so as to place this beyond any management or mismanagement in future.

## LITERARY AND LEARNED.

## UNIVERSITY INTELLIGENCE.

OXFORD, November 16th. — The following degrees were conferred:—

*Masters of Arts*.—J. W. Wing, Fellow of University College; Rev. W. Gilbard, Worcester College; Rev. D. Brice, Queen's College; Rev. G. G. Harter, Trinity College; T. Blencowe, Wadham College; Rev. J. Davis, New Inn Hall.

*Bachelors of Arts*.—D. Scratton, Worcester College; S. Minton, T. B. Adair, Exeter College; J. P. Scott, Balliol College; C. Clarke, Trinity College; J. B. B. Hankey, Merton College; R. E. Basset, Lincoln College; H. E. Michel, New College; A. Turner, Andrew's Exhibitioner, W. J. Williams, St. John's College.

CAMBRIDGE, November 15th. — Wednesday last, the following degrees were conferred:—

*Honorary Masters of Arts*.—Hon. G. W. Fitzwilliam, Hon. E. Pleydell-Bouverie, Trinity College.

*Masters of Arts*.—C. S. Bourhier, T. Bibby, St. John's College; R. Montellith, Trinity College.

*Licentiate in Physic*.—W. A. Guy, Pembroke College; H. A. Pitman, Trinity College; W. H. Ranking, Catherine Hall.

*Bachelor of Arts*.—F. Roberts, St. Peter's College; R. F. Wise, St. John's College; C. Marett, Pembroke College; J. Finlinton, Queen's College.

LITERARY AND SCIENTIFIC MEETINGS  
FOR THE ENSUING WEEK.

*Monday*.—Royal Geographical, 9 P.M.; Medical, 8 P.M. *Tuesday*.—Zoological, 8 P.M.; Royal Medical and Chirurgical, 8 P.M.

*Wednesday*.—Geological, 8 P.M.; Society of Arts, 7 P.M.

*Thursday*.—Antiquaries, 8 P.M.; Islington Literary, 8 P.M. (Mr. H. Innes on the Literature and Literary History of Great Britain.)

*Friday*.—Islington Literary. (Monthly Meeting.)

*Saturday*.—Royal Asiatic, 2 P.M.; Harveian, 8 P.M.; Westminster Medical, 8 P.M.

## FINE ARTS.

## NEW PUBLICATIONS.

*Elgmas the Sorcerer struck blind*. Designed and drawn by Raffaele; etched on steel by J. Burnet.

THIS is the second of Mr. Burnet's series of plates from the Cartoons, in the new and bold style of etching, or engraving, to which we called the attention of our readers on the publication of his "Paul preaching at Athens." It appears to us not only to have that superiority to its predecessor, in point of mechanical execution, which practice must necessarily impart, but to evince a more frequent reference to the great original; of the spirit, dignity, character, and extraordinary expression of which, it conveys an admirable idea. By the by, unless we have been much misinformed, there is at Hardwick Hall, in Derbyshire, a very ancient mansion belonging to the Duke of Devonshire (in which the unfortunate Mary Queen of Scots was for some time imprisoned), a tapestry from the Cartoon of "The Beautiful Gate," containing, on the right side, corresponding with the three figures on the left side approaching the Temple, two magnificent females, and a man with a lamb on his shoulders;

\* This Society, by strenuous exertions, has succeeded in erecting a building calculated to reflect credit on the populous and wealthy neighbourhood in which it is situated. It contains a spacious reading-room and library on the ground floor, with corresponding rooms above (approached by a double flight of stairs), and is to be devoted to the museum, and for the monthly literary meetings. The class-rooms are in the basement, and afford every convenience for experiments and chemical processes. At the back of the main building is a theatre, which will contain, comfortably, 500 persons; the seats have each a back. The area being a semicircle on a parallelogram, every person has equal facilities for seeing and hearing. The Society consists, at present, of 300 members, but the impetus given to it by the opening of the new institution will at least double its numbers.

which are not now to be found in the Cartoon at Hampton Court. There can be no doubt that those figures were originally in the Cartoon; for who would dare to add to a composition of Raffaele? If this be true, it might be well worth Mr. Burnet's while to obtain his Grace of Devonshire's permission to avail himself of this tapestry, when he comes to his plate of the subject.

*The Sunshine of Love*. Painted by John Raoux;

Engraved by Samuel Cousins, A.R.A. Boys. RAOUX was a clever French painter of the seventeenth century, who, coming over to this country, was much patronised by some of the nobility. This was one of his most pleasing works; and it is unnecessary to add that it has been charmingly engraved by Mr. Cousins. A fair maiden is eagerly perusing a billet-doux, the reflection from which illuminates her expressive features. But what is that on the table? A snuff-box! To think of a "delicate creature" like this taking a sly pinch of Irish blackguard!

*Rome, and its surrounding Scenery*. Engraved by W. B. Cooke, and eminent Engravers, from Drawings by distinguished Artists.

No. VII. Tilt.

THE present Number contains the most striking plate that has yet appeared in this interesting series. It is from a sketch by E. F. Payne, Esq., and represents the superb firework called the *girandola*. This has always been considered one of the most magnificent sights in Rome. It consists of the simultaneous discharge of many thousands of rockets from the summit of the Castle of St. Angelo. The illumination of St. Peter's by lamps, which display all the architectural features of that sacred and immense edifice, adds to the splendour of the scene. Mr. Cooke has been very happy in the imitation of the fierce streams of fire which spout into the heavens, and then, bending gracefully downwards, burst into a myriad of beautifully shaped and sparkling lights.

*Louisa Cranstoun Nisbett, as the Young King*.

Drawn and lithographed by J. Deffett Francis. Welch and Gwynne.

A SPIRITED whole-length portrait of this spirited and beautiful actress.

*New Hints, by an old Professor, on the Art of Miniature Painting*. 8vo. pp. 32. London, 1837. Ackermann and Co.

A VERY meagre and unsatisfactory production.

## BIOGRAPHY.

## THE EARL OF EGREMONT.

[From a Correspondent.]

SIR,—In your last Number of the *Literary Gazette*, a short notice was given concerning the patronage bestowed upon the fine arts, and upon artists, by the late Earl of Egremont; and I am encouraged by that notice to offer you some more specific information on the nature and extent of that patronage than is contained in it, and which may be acceptable to the public.

It is not necessary here to repeat the language of those numerous and just encomiums which have been published, since his lamented death, on those excellent qualities of heart and mind which peculiarly marked the general character of his lordship—the very image of truth and benevolence in the customary transactions of life; my intention being to speak only of his admiration and love of art, to shew the great extent of his favours towards the sons of art,

and the noble and patriotic views on which the patronage he so liberally bestowed upon both was founded. Lord Egremont's native affection for the fine arts was strengthened and confirmed by his having, when about eighteen years of age, resided for some length of time at Dresden and Vienna, with his father-in-law, Count Brühl; when he constantly spent a portion of almost every day in the renowned galleries of those cities. His lordship thus became qualified to appreciate and enjoy the beauties and excellences of the important collection of pictures and statues which he inherited, and inclined to extend it during the whole course of his long and useful life. At first, he added pictures by the older masters; but, very long ago, he declared to the writer of this heartfelt eulogy a fixed resolution to buy, thenceforth, none but modern productions; observing, at the same time, that he could most beneficially patronise the arts, and render them useful and honourable to the country, by encouraging genius and talent sufficiently developed at home, and well worthy of support; and this amiable and patriotic resolution he steadily maintained. Hence are to be seen, in his extensive and valuable collection, upwards of two hundred modern British productions in painting and in sculpture; the greater part purchased by his lordship from artists now living, the rest at public or private sales, as circumstances permitted, or of the artists themselves, during their lives. Of these modern works, Petworth House contains 170 pictures, and 21 pieces of sculpture; and there are several others in his houses at Brighton and in London. This unrivalled display of patronage places the Earl of Egremont (without disparagement to some few others, actuated by the same generous feeling), at the head of all those who have kindly and wisely found pleasure in the possession of contemporary works of art, and ranks him greatest among the true patrons of its professors. But when the motives which frequently led to this munificent patronage is known, admiration and praise are lost in esteem and reverence. To learn that a man of genius was neglected and in trouble, was a sufficient inducement to lead him in search of the sufferer, and to purchase his works, even when he had scarcely room for those already in his possession; till at length he felt compelled, desirous of not ceasing to do good, to build a very extensive gallery for their reception, attached to his noble mansion at Petworth.\* And it was not only the interests and the reputations of ingenious artists that he thus upheld, but he benevolently consulted their feelings, by conducting these transactions with the utmost delicacy and secrecy; and never did a hint of the benefit he had conferred escape his lips, unless, when occasion required, in confidence to those whom he knew to be trustworthy. Neither did he attempt to guide the course of the arts (in the minds of artists) by preconceived ideas of their perfections, but cheerfully welcomed talent, however variously exhibited in the works of different men: not confining his support to one class of art, but encouraging all classes wherein genius and taste worthy of encouragement presented themselves. This will appear when it is known that the number of artists whose works contribute to form the above-mentioned mass, is forty-six painters, and eight sculptors; thirty-one of whom are now living to testify their gratitude, and all, earlier or later, were con-

\* Many circumstances, well known to the writer, might be adduced in proof of these assertions, and should be so, did not delicacy forbid it.

temporary with his lordship. How just the principle, how wise the conduct, let Greece and Italy declare; for it was by the same conduct, acting upon the same principle, that those countries obtained their envied pre-eminence in art, and established an enduring and exalted portion of their renown. Still more, Lord Egremont's kindness and favour to artists did not end here. Many, well known in the world of art, were annually, for a season, inmates of his princely palace; their pleasure being his delight, and the more their enjoyment the greater was the gratification of his lordship, testified by renewed invitations. What more worthy of respect and gratitude on the part of artists and the lovers of art can be recorded of any man, than is thus truly stated of him whose loss we now so deeply deplore—though, I trust, “not as those who are without hope?” Well may the remembrance of his name be precious to us. May his reward be with him!

T. P.

#### DRAMA.

THE varieties in the drama since our last do not require much specification; and we will just notice them in the order of time. At the *Olympic*, *Carlo*, or, *the Idiot Boy*, painfully sustained by C. Mathews, was found to be a subject incongenial to the public taste; and has been succeeded by a successful little piece called *Why did you Die?* in which Farren, without dying, ends admirably; and Mrs. Keeley, all life, keeps up the spirit of the farce with most natural excellence. At the *Haymarket*, *Wapping Old Stairs*, a naval melodrama, was, like *Carlo* elsewhere, discovered to be not quite the thing for that theatre, and has yielded to the dissent. In this the public has experienced no loss except in Mrs. Waylett's song. It is worth sitting through the poor dialogue to be delighted with her exquisite manner of singing that one song. *Drury Lane* gave us *Hamlet*, with Mr. Otway as the Danish prince, and the rest as miserably cast as *Coriolanus* was on Thursday (and worse was never seen). Of the personation of the hero we shall only remark, that the actor went beyond the poet's conception of the original, and shewed that he was more and oftener mad than when the wind was nor-nor-west; and, if he knew a hawk from a hand-saw, it was about the extent of his histrionic acquirements. *The Daughter of the Danube*, a grand ballet, has also been brought out here; touching which, the most remarkable matter is the absolutely outrageous character of the puffs upon it in the playbills and elsewhere; which really seem to have been written by some one in about the same condition of sanity with the *Hamlet* aforesaid. *Covent Garden* has proceeded on its straight and even course. *Macbeth*, *The Bridal*, *Henry V.*, &c. &c., have been done in the style they ought; and the first, in particular, in such a manner as to draw bumper houses every Monday night. At the other English houses, nothing new.

*Opera Buffa*.—On Tuesday, Rossini's opera, *L'Italiana in Algeri*, with its familiar, light, and pleasant music, was revived here. Mlle. Eckerling made her *début*, and, in her middle notes, was all that could be wished, besides shewing that she was a finished musician. If she kept to her natural voice we think she would be still more attractive, as the attempt to sing low does not seem to suit her voice. Signor Sanquirico is a capital *buffo*, full of humour and drollery. He is, consequently, a great acquisition to this stage. We observe the fair Schiavoni announced: who would not be happy to see her?

#### VARIETIES.

*The Royal City Medal*.—Messrs. Griffin and Hyam's medal, in commemoration of the Queen's visit to the city, has now been published in bronze; in which it looks much more like her Majesty, and infinitely better, in every respect, than when we saw it in a bright pewtery sort of metal. It is, we observe from the notice, also struck in royal gold, silver, and bronze, gilt. In either it is a neat and fitting tribute for the memorable occasion.

*Fall of Stars*.—The phenomenon looked for on the 12th or 13th of November, has this year failed; and neither the meteors of Olmeda, nor the falling stars of America, have been visible. A magnificent aurora borealis has substituted.

*Earthquake*.—The shock of an earthquake was felt, October 30, 31, at Mulhausen: its course was from east to west.

*The Parliamentary Almanack* for 1838, on the face of a large sheet of paper, is to be noticed as another of those cheap forms which now issue from the press so abundantly.

*A Royal Dream of the Ninth of November* on pink paper (21 pages, Jennings publisher), is one of the most pleasant of pleasant *jeux d'esprit*; and, under the form of a dream, gives a very humorous account of the leading events of that day. Our present No., however, is (by chance) so addicted to witty productions, that we shall only add a taste-specimen of this clever performance.

“But who are they,  
Tell me, I pray,  
Ranged, bench above bench, as they sit at the play?  
‘They, my liege,’ was the prompt reply,  
‘Are the Merchant-tailors’ Company,  
Who, to do your puissant majesty homage,  
Have taken the field,  
With banner and shield,  
And all the finery they can rummage.’  
Said I, ‘We should very much like to know  
How many men there be in a row.’  
Quoth the duchess, ‘I can’t, for my life, divine,  
But there’s Mr. Spring Rice  
Will tell in a trice!’  
He has but to count heads, and divide them by nine.  
Then a page we despatched for that worthy to see,  
But as Rice could not tell, he  
Referred us to Kelly,  
As one more familiar with numbers than he.  
But the worthy cit was not within call,  
So we made the best of our way to Guildhall.”

*Strangers in France*.—Within the four months, from June to September last, inclusive, 600,000 passports have been viséd in France,—or rather more than 500 strangers per day. When one considers the sum of money which so great a multitude must spend, the benefit of national attractions to a nation becomes very obvious and important.—*From the Miroir de Paris*.

*Weather-Wisdom*.—The past eight days has been “all right:” now—The 26th is stormy and colder. The new moon will bring increased cold and heavy falls of snow, or it may be much rain, with dense fogs. The 29th, foggy, and much rain or sleet. Changeable, with showers at the beginning, and a foggy atmosphere.”

*Astronomy*.—In the autumn of last year, M. Lamont applied the powers of the large telescope at the observatory of Bogenhausen, near Munich, to the planet Venus, but without being able to discover (although under the most favourable circumstances) any appearance of spots on her surface. He was, however, more successful in ascertaining the diameter of the planet Pallas, which appears to be 145 German miles, or 242 leagues, of 25 to the degree. M. Lamont has, also, been engaged in determining the elements of the orbit of the third satellite of Saturn, or that which revolves in one day nine-tenths; and has, also, applied his great telescope to the study of two masses of



stars; the one situated in the Shield of Sobieski, the other in Perseus. M. Argelander has recently presented to the academy of St. Petersburg, a paper of the greatest importance; as it puts out of doubt the movement of our solar system towards a point very near to that which had been fixed upon by Herschel; that is to say, the point situated (in the constellation Hercules) at  $200^{\circ} 50'$  right ascension, by  $31^{\circ} 17'$  north declination. This result is founded on the proper movements of 390 stars; the annual proper movement of which exceeds the tenth of a second. This is one of the fruits of the short existence of the observatory of Abo, and is based on the fine catalogue of 560 stars, published in 1834, by M. Argelander.\*

*Of the Part played by Earth in the Act of Vegetation.*—Earth, it is well known, is not a simple element. The exterior layer, which is the support of vegetables, is generally formed of lime, silica, and alumina, to which earths are frequently added magnesia, oxide of iron, and the remains of organic matter, which gave the soil the highest degree of vegetative force. There exists no fertile soil consisting of a single earth, or even composed of only two earths. The union of three earths, in proper quantities, is indispensable to fertility. The earth which is found in the bottoms of valleys, in primitive soils, and which is the result of the decomposition of granites, is one of the most fertile, as well as the mud of rivers, formed of analogical elements. It follows that a soil is the more fertile in proportion as there enters into its composition a greater number of mineral elements, besides organic substances, the action of which is independent of the nature of earths. Some chemists, and Davy among them, have thought that the fertility of a soil depended on its hygrometrical state, that is to say, on the facility with which it attracted humidity from the atmosphere. Experience has, however, shewn that humidity is not an element of the fertility of a soil, but only a secondary condition, subordinate to its chemical composition.

*Maritime.*—Amongst numerous novelties in science, intended to have been brought forward at the last meeting of the British Association, at Liverpool, was one which is calculated to produce wonderful changes in navigation and commerce. Mr. Provis, of Chippingham, announces that he has matured a plan, on which he has been occupied for some years, to save vessels from shipwreck; to form life-boats and sea-floats; to lift ships over bars of sand and rock; to extinguish fires on board; and prevent other dangers and casualties to which officers, sailors, and cargoes, are continually exposed, and by which many hundreds of lives and thousands of pounds' worth of property are annually lost. We look for the particulars.

*Curious Experiment.*—Fill a medicine-phial (containing one or two pints) with water, and cork it in such a manner that there shall not be a single bubble of air between the water and the cork. Then take it by the neck, and strike the cork with sufficient strength to break the phial. If this experiment be made above a vessel, full of water, sufficiently large to collect the fragments of glass, it will invariably appear, whatever may be the nature of the glass employed, that the part which remains in the hand, and the fragments found in the water, are covered with fine incisions, like lines, which all start from the same point at the bottom of the phial, which diverge in every direction, and, proceeding, are lost in the neck. These

incisions or lines are as regular as those which could be produced by art, and present a curious appearance.

*Finland.*—The measurement of a degree in Finland proceeds slowly, in consequence of the numerous obstacles opposed by nature to the undertaking. All that has been accomplished during the last summer is the link between Cajane and Tornes, which was ineffectually attempted in the preceding year.

*Paris.*—It appears that the subscription for providing the means of supplying Paris with water, that immense undertaking so often projected and still postponed, has at length been placed in the hands of the Prefect of the Seine. At the head of the subscribers are some of the most considerable persons in London; among them, the last two lord-mayors.

*Ancient Anchor.*—A large and heavy body was lately taken from the bottom of the Seine, which proved to be a sea-anchor, in a state of oxidation. This mass, which does not weigh less than four hundred (French) pounds, is enveloped with a thick and closely adhering crust, formed of gravel, flints, clay, bones, petrified wood, &c.

*Organic Chemistry.*—M. Dumas, the French chemist, has announced to the Académie des Sciences a vast scheme of scientific investigation which, after much consideration, has been projected by himself and M. Liebig, a young and distinguished German chemist. They intend to analyse all substances which have not yet been analysed, and to submit to rigid examination all analyses which have hitherto been made. Their chief object being accurately to characterise different bodies, they will especially apply themselves to the discovery of the reactions proper to each of them, to determine their atomic weights. These two savans have, for some time, been preparing fellow-labourers full of zeal, by opening their laboratory to all young persons animated by a true love of science. The British Scientific Association has shewn itself very favourable to this extensive and important undertaking.

*Royal Bon Mot.*—During a recent morning visit at Buckingham Palace, the Duke of Wellington, in the course of chat, was asked by the queen the name of the kind of boots which he wore. His grace laughingly answered, that he believed people called them Wellingtons. "Well!" replied her majesty, "that is presumptuous; for where, I should like to know, will they find a pair of Wellingtons?"

#### LITERARY NOVELTIES.

In the Press.

A new cabinet edition of Walton's Lives of Donne, Wotton, Hooker, Herbert, and Sanderson, with illustrated plates. The Book of Family Crests, to contain the History of every bearing, with Mottoes and Engravings. A new edition of the Rev. Mr. Foster's Life of John Jebb, D.D., the late Bishop of Limerick.

#### LIST OF NEW BOOKS.

The London Dispensary, by A. T. Thomson, M.D., F.L.S., G.S., new edit. 8vo. 2s. — The Evidence of Prophecy, by Alex. Keith, D.D., sixteenth edit. 7s. — A Treatise on Conic Sections, by J. Hymers, M.A., 8vo. 6s. 6d. — A Dissertation on the Causes and Effects of Disease, by H. C. Barlow, M.D., 8vo. 3s. — A Lecture on Education, by W. B. Hodgson, 12mo. 4d. — A List of Electors for the Western Division of Surrey, with a Statement of the Poll, 8vo. 3s. — A Treatise on the Elements of Algebra, by J. Bryce, Jun., M.A., F.G.S., 12mo. 4s. 6d. — Institutes of Surgery, by Sir Charles Bell, Vol. I., 12mo. 7s. — Parliamentary Pocket Companion, 1838, 32mo. 4s. 6d. — Gems from British Poets (Sacred), 32mo. 2s. — Ditto, ditto, Chaucer to Goldsmith, 32mo. 2s. — The Doctrine of Election, by T. Erskine, 12mo. 6s. 6d. — Sermons on the Apostles' Creed, by Rev. G. A. Poole, 8vo. 10s. 6d. — Changes produced in the Nervous System by Civilization, by R. Verity, M.D., 4s. — G. F. Morgan's First Principles of Surgery, Part II. 8vo. 5s. — The Hand-Book of Natural Philosophy, by W. M. Higgins, 18mo. 1s. 9d. — Bechstein's Natural History of Cage Birds, new edition, 12mo. 7s. — Welsh's Treatise on Ringworm, 8vo. 5s. 6d. — Mechanics

of Fluids for Practical Men, by A. Jamieson, L.L.D., 8vo. 15s. — The Himalaya Landscape Album, Morocco, 3s. 2s. — The Elements of Algebra, by Hind, 3d edition, 8vo. 12s. 6d. — The Napoleon Medals, 564 Medals, by A. Collas, folio, 3s. 13s. 6d. : proofs, 5s. 13s. 6d. — Thoughts on Religion, a Poem, 8vo. 5s. cloth. — Walsingham, the Gamester, by Capt. Chamier, 3 vols. post 8vo. 1l. 11s. 6d. — Sermons for Children, by Mrs. Marham, 8cap. 2s. hf. bd. — Abridged History of Treaties of Peace, by Capt. F. Neaux, 8vo. 12s. — First Book of Algebra, 18mo. 1s. 6d. — Luther and his Times, by the Rev. J. E. Riddle, 8cap. 5s. — Companion to Euclid, being a help to first Four Books, 8cap. 4s. cloth. — The Juvenile Budget, by Mrs. S. C. Hall, square 16mo. 6s. cloth. — Rambles in the Footsteps of Don Quixote, by H. D. Inglis, illustrations by Cruikshank, post 8vo. 9s. cloth. — Hints to Servants, by a Bachelor, 32mo. 1s. — Commentaries on the Colonial and Foreign Laws, by W. Burge, 4 vols. royal 8vo. 6l. 6s.

#### METEOROLOGICAL JOURNAL, 1837.

November.	Thermometer.	Barometer.
Thursday... 9	From 21 to 45*	30.07 to 29.95
Friday... 10	... 41 .. 35*	... 29.91 .. 29.85
Saturday... 11	... 43 .. 54	... 29.84 .. 29.80
Sunday... 12	... 38 .. 45	... 29.89 .. 30.04
Monday... 13	... 29 .. 47	... 30.04 .. 29.82
Tuesday... 14	... 40 .. 47	... 29.53 .. 29.45
Wednesday 15	... 30 .. 45	... 29.63 .. 29.57

Prevailing wind, S.W.

Except the 11th, 12th, and 15th, generally cloudy, with frequent rain.

Rain fallen, .0325 of an inch.

*Aurora Borealis.*—Twice during the past week the aurora has been remarkably brilliant: first, on the evening of the 12th, from 5 till after 10 o'clock, when the coruscations, though few, were vivid and of a deeply red colour; again, on the evening of the 14th, about 7, when, as even more splendid, and the coruscations white, and also more numerous, vivid, and extensive, and apparently based upon a deep crimson ground. About 8, on the evening of the 15th, a brilliant meteor passed through Ursa Major.

November.	Thermometer.	Barometer.
Thursday... 16	From 20 to 39	29.93 to 29.67
Friday... 17	... 22 .. 40	... 29.93 .. 29.96
Saturday... 18	... 21 .. 39	... 30.01 .. 29.96
Sunday... 19	... 39 .. 53	... 29.94 .. 29.79
Monday... 20	... 36 .. 47	... 29.80 .. 29.65
Tuesday... 21	... 29 .. 47	... 29.73 .. 29.86
Wednesday 22	... 33 .. 55	... 29.05 .. 29.62

Prevailing wind, N.E.

Except the 18th, 19th, and 22d, generally clear; with rain.

Rain fallen, .1625 of an inch.

Edmonton. CHARLES HENRY ADAMS.  
Latitude..... $51^{\circ} 37' 32''$  N.  
Longitude.... 3 51, W. of Greenwich.

#### TO CORRESPONDENTS.

SIR,—I perceive that your correspondent has met with an answer to his inquiry, as to "coring of [swords]," but not a satisfactory one. Allow me, therefore, now to try to cast, which, indeed, would have done before, but that I conceived the information might have been obtained from some more competent authority; nay, possibly, that the querist himself might, upon mature reflection, have discovered the solution of his difficulty. How probable was my surmise, appears from his letter in your journal of this day, in which he traces a connexion (which, to me, appears the very answer to his doubts) between "coring" and "coursing." He misses a perfect solution only because he stops short at the first and obvious meaning of course, viz. a race. I have not time now to go into full detail of all that the subject would lead to; but it may probably answer the purpose to remind your correspondent that the term is still in use in some parts of the country, in connexion with "horse;" as *horse-coursing*, a jobber in horses. This word occurs in Johnson, who, however, makes two mistakes; first, that of confounding *horse-coursing* with *horse-racing* (coursing being identical with the German *kauff-mann*, or the Dutch *koopman*); and, secondly, that of supposing that the *coursing* was an *exercice* or *runner* of horses. Reference may be likewise made to Ash, Blount, and most of the old lexicographers. Junius is cited by Johnson. Bailey has "coursing," which he gives as French of the same import. But, perhaps, the most satisfactory conjectures as to the descent of the word are to be found in Jamieson's Scottish Dictionary (*verbis, eors et coss*). If it be true that the root signifies an exchange, quasi a *double election*, the explanation of "coring or coursing a garment for a sword," is precisely parallel to our modern version of the Gospel, "ought to have been a parenthesis; and there ought not to have been any stop after 'effect.'"

I am, Sir, Yours, &c.

18th Nov. 1837.

W. C. D.

ERRATUM.—In the notice in our last No. of "The Interior of the Chancel of Stratford Church," the phrase, "the plate will appear at a future period with finished effect," ought to have been a parenthesis; and there ought not to have been any stop after "effect."

R. S. declined.

\* The great change in the temperature on the 9th and 10th is worthy of particular remark.

\* A valuable prize was lately given to M. Argelander, by the Academy of St. Petersburg, for this catalogue.

# ADVERTISEMENTS, Connected with Literature and the Arts.

**PRIZE ESSAY.**  
**BRITISH AND FOREIGN ABORIGINES**  
**PROTECTION SOCIETY.** In reference to an Advertisement issued by the Committee of this Society, offering a Prize of £50. for the best Essay received on or before the 31st of December next, "On the Present State of the uncivilized and defenceless Tribes; the causes which have led to a diminution of their Numbers, and their debased Condition; and the best Means of protecting them, and promoting their Advancement," the Committee hereby give Notice, that in consequence of the recent Publication of the Parliamentary Report on the Aborigines (British Settlements), they deem it desirable, in justice to the cause in which they are engaged, as well as to the Candidates, to lengthen the time allowed for preparing this Essay, and have therefore resolved to extend the period for receiving Essays for competition, until the 31st of December, 1839.

(Signed) T. FOWELL BUXTON, President.

In a few days will be published,  
**The Parliamentary Report on the Aborigines**  
(British Settlements), with Comments, &c. by the Committee of the above Society, and may be had of William Hall, Aldine Chambers, Paternoster Row; and Hatchard and Son, Piccadilly.

**BRITISH LIBRARY, 24 Cockspur Street.**  
NEW BOOKS.—The Novelists and the Public are respectfully informed, that they can be supplied with all the New Publications, French and English, as soon as published, at Cawthorne's British and Foreign Library, 24 Cockspur Street, where Terms and Catalogues may be obtained. From the very great number of Books taken at this extensive and old established Library, all Works, as soon as the demand for their circulation has subsided, may be had, perfectly clean for binding, at half the publication price.  
Book Societies supplied on the most reasonable terms.

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**TRAVELS AND ADVENTURES** in  
EASTERN AFRICA, descriptive of the Zoology, with a Sketch of Natal.  
By NATH. ISAACS.  
With Map and 4 Lithographic Plates, 2 vols. small 8vo. published at 21s. now offered for 7s. 6d. or in various bindings, 10s. 6d. also.  
Description of the Azores from Personal Observation, comprising Remarks on their Peculiarities, Topographical, Statistical, Geological, &c., by Capt. Bold. With Map and Four Lithographic Plates, 8vo. published at 12s. now offered for 5s. 6d.  
To be had of H. and E. Sheffield, 139 Fleet Street, who have bought the Remainder of the above Works, and have constantly on Sale a Large Collection of Voyages and Travels, at very reduced prices.

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**JOHN RUSSELL SMITH'S OLD BOOK**  
CIRCULAR, published this day gratis, containing 300 Valuable Books at very reduced prices. It will be regularly forwarded to any gentleman who will favour the publisher with his address, in town gratis, into the country by single letter postage, on application at No. 4 Old Compton Street, Soho Square.

The whole-length Portrait of  
**HIS GRACE THE DUKE OF WELLINGTON, K.G. &c. &c.**  
Engraved by G. H. Phillips, from the Original Picture recently painted for the Junior United Service Club, by J. Simpson. Prints, 11s. 6d.; Proof, 5s. 3s.; and Letter, 5s. 5s.  
"This is a good and pleasing likeness, representing his grace in that unostentatious costume which he generally wore in the Peninsular War, and in every respect preserving that character of simplicity which is so remarkably his."—*Herald*.  
"As an Engraving it deserves the greatest praise, for it is finished even to the minutest details. Those who are admirers of the duke—and who does not admire him as a soldier?—will do well to purchase this military print of the first warrior of the age."—*Sun*.  
London: Hodgson and Graves, Printersellers, by special Appointment, to Her Majesty, 6 Pall Mall.

**BOOKS IN THE PRESS.**  
On the 1st of December, 1837, will be published, No. I. of a  
**THE PHRENOLOGICAL JOURNAL,**  
and continued Quarterly, price 3s. 6d.  
London: Simpkin, Marshall, and Co.

42 Great Russell Street, British Museum.  
On the 29th instant will be published,  
**SCHLOSS'S UNIQUE CHRISTMAS and**  
**NEW YEAR'S PRESENTS.**  
Size, Three Quarters of an Inch, by Half an Inch.

THE ENGLISH  
**BIJOU**  
**ALMANACK.**  
For 1838.  
By L. E. L.

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Beautifully bound, gilt edges, in a highly embellished case, 1s. 6d. Elegantly bound, in extra illuminated morocco or vellum, 3s. Extra Case, in velvet or morocco, 4s. 6d.  
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